TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last Monday night I observed a trait of character in Mayor-elect Clarke which made him go up immensely in my estimation, highly as I thought of him before. After he was through speaking some of us suggested to him that we go around to the club and have a little supper, and if I remember right—someone suggested also a little of something else to help the jubilations. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said Mr. Clarke, "I'm going up to see mother." And he went.

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Those who know him can thoroughly appreciate the way he said this, and, better still, those who understand how loving and dutiful a son Ned has been to that widowed mother, will like him better that in his moment of triumph his first idea was to tell his mother about it, and gladden her heart with another of her boy's successes.

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But if a man is virtuous it does not always protect him from slander. The day after the election a man whom I am ashamed to say is a leading church and temperance worker rushed up to me and jubilantly exclaimed: "Well, what do you think of your candidate now? I hear he was taken home dead drunk last night after the election." I asked him who told him and he said he "had it on very good authority." I told him that I knew positively that the new Mayor had spent the evening with his mother, wife and family; that he had always been temperate; and he had never been drunk in his life. In a tone through which there ran an evident note of disappointment, he said: "Well, I hope it's as you say." I conversed with him for about five minutes after that before I let him go, and during that period in as vigorous and pointed language as I could command, suggested the necessity of the exercise of not only a little Christian charity, but Christian truthfulness. He said he hadn't said it was true, but I pointed out that it was a much meaner kind of a lie, and that he was a much meaner kind of —er—er—untruthful person—than the one who could tell a good, bold, straightforward lie. And, like the historical young man, he "went away sorrowful," for he thought he had great possessions—in that story.

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This telling of stories "on the best authority," or retailing slanders which have been confidentially told you by someone "who ought to know," is a contemptible way of injuring people; and yet how many are eager to rush around the streets blab, blab, blabbing to everybody some silly lie that someone else has told them. No sensible person ever does it, but sensible people are sometimes in the minority. There are plenty of people whose judgment is fairly good, who can decide on public questions and perform their duties of citizenship excellently, and yet they have not got quite sense enough to keep them from retailing all the gossip and "I hear so's," and "It is just as good as settled's," and "I got it straight's,"—But "for goodness sake don't say I told you," etc. These people are kind-hearted enough and are endowed with natural affection but they don't seem to imagine what harm they can do and misery they can cause by so much blabbing with their mouths.

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The tongue is truly an unruly member, and if the world hadn't got into the habit of suspecting that three-quarters, if not nine-tenths, of what it hears is false we would all be in a pretty pickle.

* * *

If I believed all I heard about you and you believed all you heard about me we would not speak to each other, and probably no one would speak to either of us; and this pleasant result would come about because someone had been guessing your business, and giving a free-hand picture and free-and-easy-tongued description of your character without knowing anything about it.

* * *

It is easy enough to see for an absolute certainty a little flaw in a person's character. Everybody's character has a little hole in it, but it is not anybody's business to keep picking, picking, picking at that hole till it is big enough to let an elephant through; nor is it right to take that as a text and decide that because the one weakness is there, everything else is weak or wicked.

* * *

For instance, if you see a man with his boot-heel run over, it looks bad and slovenly, but still you have no right to say he has no socks on, or that he has not had a bath in six months; or, to still further enlarge on the text, and say that he has got a loathsome disease, and add, probably with a touch of regret, that he has himself and his vices to blame for it. And yet this is about the way people size up their neighbor's character.

* * *

Josh Billings once said, and very truly too: "A reppytashun wunce kracked may possibly be repared, but the wurld will always keep its i on the spot whare the krack wuz."

* * *

Have you noticed your gas bill for the last quarter? I have mine and it looks like robbery, and every one else is saying the same thing. It is an old subject of joke about the way men may come and men may go, but a gas meter goes pegging away forever; but the Consumers' Gas Company seems to have found out some new wrinkle for making the wheels of the meter go buzzing around without letting any gas go through. People who have been living in the same house and keeping about the same hours for years, complain they never saw anything like the last edition of that charming serial heading "Price of gas reduced, as below, from Oct. 1st, 1885." I have taken gas before that legend was put on the bill, and I have been taking it since, and all the difference there was has been in favor of the Gas Company. There ought to be a gas consumers' protective association formed. It would pay them to hire an inspector to go around and investigate the habits of meters, as it is evident that an immoral wave is sweeping over these machines. The way they have been conducting themselves this past three months is simply intolerable.

Looking over last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, I came across an advertisement of Miller & Richard, stating that SATURDAY NIGHT and every leading paper in Canada was printed from their type. I have been connected with a great many Canadian papers, and without exception their type has been Miller & Richard's extra hard Scotch. Either their metal must be vastly superior to any other, or else their trade, which almost approaches a monopoly, is to be attributed to the popularity and indefatigable efforts of their Canadian agent, Mr. R. L. Patterson, who is perhaps the best known man amongst printers in the Dominion.

* * *

The Provincial Legislature will soon be in session and we will have politics heaped upon up by all the cross-roads politicians who didn't get their work in last session. They will give us a big speech which they will get printed and send home to their constituents. I feel sorry for the *Empire* people. Everyone who subscribed for $5 stock in that institution will expect to have his speech reported in full, even if it is not on a more important subject than an amendment to sub-section 3 of an Act to amend the Municipal Act, referring to clause 4 of sub-section 10, chapter 12 of the Revised Statues of Ontario, relating to the impounding of dogs when insufficiently or illegally tagged, designated, marked and licensed as by the statute made and provided in the matter of Regina the Queen. O tempora! O mores! Sic semper tyrannus McGinnis.

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There is a good deal of talk about Mowat going to Ottawa to succeed Mr. Blake. I don't believe he will do it. He is getting old and his health is by no means good. Pardee, who has been looked upon as his natural successor, is also out of health. George W. Ross, Fraser and Hardy are all astute politicians, but Fraser's health has long been uncertain, and the other two, while they are thoroughly believed in by the party, have not the *finesse* of Pardee and Mowat. Things will likely remain unchanged in the local ministry, though this announcement need hardly be made as they have been in power so long and so few changes have occurred that the public have begun to look upon them as fixtures.

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W. R. Meredith, who was in the city this week, is looking well, and I have heard some talk of him taking a more independent stand in the Legislature than formerly. He has the faculty of making and keeping personal friends, and if he cut loose from the rigid party harness —which has made him one of the wheel-horses in Sir John's caravan—he would soon rally around himself a large support of young and vigorous men, who are now working with the Liberal party in provincial affairs.

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In Dominion matters the fishery business is bound to make a noise before the coming session is over. If Sir Tupper makes a big hit in his negotiations there is no doubt he wil almost at once be entrusted with the leadership, as a good treaty is a boom that would not come to him very often.

* * *

It is said that the Imperial Government have other honors in store for Sir John which will permit him to end his official career far removed from the turmoils and bitter criticisms of party strife. Such an ending of his career would do much to make history a record of the good he has done rather than the mistakes he has made. It would certainly be a pleasing thing to have him in such a position that his present opponents could speak kindly of him without injuring their own party interests.

* * *

Talking about politics, there is a healthy rumor abroad that John Small, M.P., will go into the Custom House. This has long been under discussion, and the almost universal success the Conservatives have had in the by-elections, and the strong majority behind them in the House makes the opening of a constituency a trifling matter, particularly as East Toronto is almost safe.

DON.

LOIS AND DIANA.

To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply meagreness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

Before we gossip this week I have something to say in all seriousness to those readers of this department who from time to time have seen fit to send me items of news and gossip, both from the city and elsewhere. I am always thankful for this information, and when it is possible I will gladly print it; but I must insist that in all cases the name of the sender shall accompany it, not, as I said before, for publication, but simply as a guarantee of good faith. If my correspondents place no confidence in me, I cannot put confidence in them, and under no circumstances will cognizance be taken of anonymous contributions.

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The fancy-dress ball given by Mrs. Henry Cawthra on Wednesday night in honor of the coming of age of her only son, Victor, and the debut of her second daughter, Lena, was attended with that great success and eclat seldom attained by private balls here, and fancy balls in particular. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra had spared themselves no inconvenience, trouble, anxiety or expense which could make their ball what it should be; and each guest was asked to do his or her individual share in designing or securing some fanciful costume as the coup de grace to their hostess' painstakings, and so make the ensemble a memorable one. The house was completely given over to the guests. The lower floor, including the large square hall, drawing room and library were utilized for dancing, and the music, provided by the Thirteenth Band of Hamilton, was so arranged as to be heard distinctly in all three. It was stationed in an alcove, curtained off the drawing room, and intermingled with the pretty uniforms were Mr. Cawthra's choice bits of statuary. Never has a better or more artistic arrangement been bit upon by party givers in Toronto. Any attempt at temporary decorations in these rooms would have spoiled the effect of the beautiful paintings which adorn the walls, and of which Mr. Cawthra has a valuable collection. The dining room served as refreshment and sitting-room, and from it French windows and steps led out to the verandah, another picturesque retiring room. This was built in and hung with red baize and handsome curtains, which lost for it the look of ordinary verandahs under the circumstances, and gave the appearance of a handsome and lofty apartment. The second floor of the house was, with the exception of the cloak rooms, almost entirely given up for the benefit of those who yielded to the romantic inspiration of the scene to whisper soft nothings amidst dim and shaded lights and sweet perfumes.

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The costumes were the finest collection in point of beauty, design, originality and numbers ever seen at a fancy ball in Toronto within my recollection, but those of the ladies far surpassed those of the gentlemen, although the latter are hardly to blame for that. Of course with a woman it is hardly anybody's fault but her own if she cannot manage to look attractive in fancy costume, for such a wide scope of liberties are allowed and indulged in generally that it only remains with her to profit by them. Beauties abounded everywhere. Those considered passe became young again. Youth characterized old age as a thing to be wished for, queens broke bread with warlike Indians, England drank the health of Russia, and the Powers were at peace.

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About midnight the nations joined in a National Quadrille, composed of Mr. Victor Cawthra as a courtier of one of the Georges, and Mrs. Sweny as a Spanish lady, Mr. Grant Ridout as a Pole, with Miss Ross in Roman costume en fete; Capt. MacDougall, as a Highlander, danced with Amy Robsart, (Miss Cawthra), Mr. Bertie Cawthra (Albanian), with Miss McCarthy (Canada), Mr. G. Baines (Mexican), and Miss Mabel Cawthra (Polonaise), Mr. Cecil Gibson (Herzegovinian), and Miss Dawson (French lady), Mr. Mervyn McKenzie (Bengalese) and Miss Brough (Tyrolese peasant en fete), Mr. Frank Mills (Calabrian) and Miss Monk (Dutch woman).

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To attempt to say who was the belle, or whose costume excelled as the most noticeable, would be impossible. Among the many "best" was Miss McCarthy's Canada, of white Liberty silk and hand-painted maple leaves, draped with Canadian ensign. Mr. Chadwick was an ideal Greek in white tights, and toga of white and gold over his shoulders. Mrs. Walter Beardmore carried out the idea of Marie, Queen of Scots, so excellently that she brought the woes of that unhappy queen only too vividly and terribly into the minds and hearts of the gay assembly. She wore, of course, black velvet and pearls and white lace. There were others impersonating the same character, and it is only just to say that they were all worthy of more mention than I can give them. Mrs. Widmer Hawke chose a costume well suited to her, and, as Queen of the Fairies, in white and silver, worked her imputed magic most successfully. Miss Maude Cawthra wore a becoming gown of white moire and pearls, high collar, as Amy Robsart. As a courtier of George III. Mr. Victor Cawthra only left it to be desired that the fashions of the time had not extended into the latter part of the century. Miss Lena Cawthra, in blue and silver, representing Starlight, was very suggestive of her own character of debutante. The Music of Miss Amy Rutherford was excellently carried out, as was also Miss Georgie Osler's Good Luck of white and gold, besprinkled with four-leaved clover and horseshoes. Miss Bunting wore a rich and characteristic robe, as Beatrice, of white brocade and pearl in train and high collar. Miss May Todd was a pretty White Rose in satin and white roses, hat and powdered hair. Miss Birchall's Marguerite was a suggestive and becoming yellow satin bodice trimmed with daisies, short white satin skirt, Marguerite headgear and fan. Mr. Bickford made a splendid Turk in white satin blouse, knickerbockers, dark red coat and white turban. Miss Maude Yarker looked bewitching as a Spanish Peasant. Miss Morgan as a Pansy was prettily suggestive. She was costumed in violet tarleton trimmed with pansies. Mrs. Cosby's illustration of Mignonette was perfect—goblin blue silk, en train, and mignonette. Mr. W. Bunting went as Charles I. Mr. Stuart Morrison's Edward VI. was a well blended costume of yellow silk, gold lace, and dark red cap and shoes. Mr. Kenneth Cameron went as a Crusader; Miss Edith Yarker, a figure in Dresden china of blue and pink; Miss Emilie Bethune, Mother Hubbard; Mr. George Gates, of Hamilton, and Mr. Roberts, sailors; Miss Mabel Heward, a Normandy fishwife; Miss Alice Heward, a lady of 1830; Miss Otter, powder-puff; Miss Evelyn Evans, On the Wing. Miss Adelaide Sullivan's costume was considered one of the best by general opinion. She went as Portia in a red gown; Mr. McMurray, Quaker; Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Puritan Maid; Miss Norris, of Guelph, a beauty angel in white draperies; Miss Sherwood, of Ottawa, a figure in Dresden. Mr. Sidney Small made a splendid and warlike Indian; Mr. White, a Fraser Highlander; Mrs. Alfred Plummer, a lady of the time of Charles I.; Mrs. Philip Todd, a magician; Mrs. W. J. Baines, Madame Poudre; Mrs. Bruce Harman looked remarkably well as a shepherdess; Mrs. Prince, a native of Southern Italy, en fete; Mr. E. Rutherford, in black velvet and lace, made a very good Dr. Johnson; Mr. R. P. Rutherford as Charles II, wore a handsome costume of dark green velvet and satin; Miss Thorburn, a pale and stately vision of the night; Miss Tulloh, a gipsy maid.

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Mr. Cawthra in the Imperial Court costume in which he was presented to Her Majesty, and Mrs. Cawthra, a lady of rank in the 14th century, were a kindly host and hostess, who left nothing to be desired on the part of their guests. Throughout the evening their efforts were inexhaustible, and no one stinted praise of the ball. Never before did I see guests so completely tired out after an evening party, for this was kept up with enthusiasm until the last, which was proved by the fact that it was never there than two o'clock when the last cab had gone from the doors. This is unusually late for Toronto's blase society.

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A novel dance of the evening was the Daisy Chain, led by Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr. Sears and Miss Campbell, Mr. Hume Blake and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Bankes and Captain Geddes—white daisies; Mr. Nordheimer and Miss Seymour, Miss Hodgins and Mr. Shanly, Mrs. Macpherson and Mr. W. J. Baines, Miss K. Merritt and Mr. Harcourt Vernon—yellow daisies.

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Among the others present were Mrs. C. Baines, Miss Coverdale, Miss Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. Hoyles, Mr. E. Andrews, Miss F. Spratt, Miss Madeline Spratt, Mr. Brock, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. Reed, a sailor; Major Harrison, Major Dawson, in uniform, Mr. Lowe, a cook; Mr. Reginald Thomas, a baker; Miss McInnes, of Hamilton, Miss Edsall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. Eden Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Messrs. Bruce Harman, Crooks, in R. C. Y. C. uniform, Stinson, Newton, Robinette, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Col. Sweny, Messrs. Ward, Edgar, Boyd, Percy Hodgins, J. Small, R. Moffatt, Miss Mabel Evans, Mr. H. and Miss E. Merritt, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Hollyer, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Lockhart as Little Boy Blue, Miss Vickers, Mrs. Sewell, Mr. Arthur Meredith, Mr. R. Baldwin, Mr. C. T. Campbell, Mr. D. McKay, Miss Temple, Miss L. Birchall, bal costume of eighteenth century; Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. G. W. and Miss Beardmore, Mr. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mr. Dennison and Mr. A. E. Plummer.

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To five delights at Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra's fancy dress ball I should assign the following order. To each delight I endeavor to add a suitable epithet:

1. Faces.....Divine
2. Music.....Charming, hideous, grotesque
3. Champagne...Excellent, but a little sweet—a lady's wine
4. Floor.....Perfect
5. Band.....Excellent, considering whence it came

N. B.—My second delight is, of course, only second in virtue of its first epithet.

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There was a quiet wedding at the Catholic Apostolic church, at the corner of Bond and Victoria streets, on Monday morning, at half-past ten. The bride, Miss Maude St. John Todd, who is much better known in Ottawa as the only daughter of the late Alpheus Todd, LL.D., C.M.G., Librarian of Parliament, is an interesting-looking brunette. The groom, Mr. John F. Hill, is a stranger here. He is an Englishman, but of recent years has lived in Montreal. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Major Alfred Todd of Ottawa, and was unattended by bridesmaids. She wore her traveling dress of brown cloth, with jacket, hat and muff to match. The hat was golden brown silk beaver with plush and feather trimmings. The short jacket was trimmed with brown fur, and she carried a bouquet of Marechal Niel roses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Roberts, and after it was over the whole party repaired to the residence of Mr. Philip Todd, Henry street, where a creditable dejeuner was provided. The invited guests numbered principally the relatives of the bride and a few old friends. They were Major and Mrs. Alfred Todd, Ottawa; Mr. Ernest Todd, N.-W.M.P.; Mr. Herbert Todd, Montreal; Mrs. West, Ottawa; Miss and Mr. Eddis, Rev., Mrs. and Miss Elwell, Miss Minnie Elwell, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, the Misses Jopling, Mr. L. R. O'Brien (uncle of the bride), Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Roby O'Brien, Dr. McMichael, Rev. Mr. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Davies, the Misses Birchall, and Mrs. Thaddeus Patrick and Miss Earls, Ottawa. The presents were unusually serviceable nd numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Hill left on the 12.50 p.m. train for Detroit, whence they will go to Chicago, their future home.

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What changes come over our city in a short time! It is over a year since Miss Lily Evans left us, under the guardianship of the Earl of Kingston and her cousin, Sir Richard Tetnall, Bart., for a visit to her relatives in Ireland, and now the news comes to us that she was married on Thursday, Jan. 5, to Wm. Lyons, of "Brookhill," Lisburn, Ulster, one of the landed gentry of Ireland. Always a favorite here, Miss Evans' family connections introduced her into a circle on the other side of the ocean where beauty, talent and wit appear to be appreciated. It is within the range of probabilities that Miss Evans, after touring through the European continent, may visit her old home within the next year. Her father left some time ago to be present at the ceremony in Ireland, and to give his daughter away.

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Mrs. Charles Parsons, Queen's Park, will be at home to a number of guests on Saturday afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock.

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There have been very few small dances this season, people generally giving nothing less than large balls for the entertainment of their friends. Mrs. Sweeny's ball this evening promises to be pleasant, and Mrs. Scott, Beverley street, has a small one on the 11th.

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There is a town down the lake that seems generously disposed towards the Queen City. Hardly a winter passes that Cobourg does not supply us with one or more of its noted beauties. Miss Grace Armour, who is well known and kindly remembered here, at present sojourns in Switzerland with her sister, Mrs. John Lowery of New York; Miss Skill, who was, now Mrs. Rosamond, is also on the other side of the water on her bridal tour, but is expected home soon. She was too acknowledged a belle to be forgotten soon. Miss Fannie Cassels, another favorite, is in mourning, so, if she visits Toronto this winter, she will not go out anywhere. Her sister, Mrs. Crowther, liked Toronto so well that she cast in her lot with us, and Mrs. Heath (Miss Ina Stanton) followed suit soon afterwards. And now they propose playing on the weakness of Toronto men by sending us Miss Constance Stanton on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Stuart Heath. Miss Stanton has never visited Toronto before for any length of time, but it is her due that she will be another established favorite at the end of her visit. She is tall, like her sister, very pretty, bright, clever, and it only follows that she is an entertaining companion.

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Mrs. George Sterling Ryerson has issued cards for a house-warming in the shape of a soiree musicale at her new place, Newnham Hall, on Friday, Jan. 20. This is almost the first entertaining Mrs. Ryerson has done since her marriage, and her party will be largely looked forward to.

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The performance of Faust on Monday night at the Toronto Opera House furnished another opportunity for the display of bare necks and arms, and a superabundance of white shirt fronts. Society was present sufficiently in quality and quantity to justify its being called a social as well as an operatic event. I noticed few theater parties. Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr and Mr. Cronyn, sat together in one of the stalls. Mrs. J. K. Kerr, who has abstained from mixing much in society since her marriage, this season takes her place as a leader, and is eagerly recognized and welcomed as such. She wore on Monday night what looked more like a Parisian inspiration than a humble Canadian creation. It was a happy combination of black velvet and gold satin, suggesting the court costume of the time of Henry VIII. Mrs. Nordheimer appeared first in an opera cloak of pink satin and long white fur, but afterwards I saw she had on a white dress—high at the neck with red berries in her hair. Miss Fannie Bethune, in an evening gown of pale mauve, and her sister, Miss Emily Bethune, in pink China silk, both looked to advantage. Miss Kay was in black, and collected her little circle of admirers. Mrs., Mr. and Miss Hoskins enjoyed the story of Faust's temptation from the parquette, and Mr. George Birchall, and Miss L. Birchall in blue with lace over-waist, sat not very far distant from them. Among others were noticed Mr. W. Blake, Miss L. Moss, who will be an acceptable debutante for next season, by-the-by, and Mr. F. Moss, Mrs. Winstanley, Miss Dalton, Mr. Leach, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Broderick, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. Brouse, Major Harrison and Mr. Stimson.

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Many dames of beauty and gentlemen of fashion braved the bitter winds on Thursday of last week and drove or walked to Bloor street to enjoy an at home at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins The informal notes of invitation had mentioned "a few friends,' but their friends are not few, they are legion, and most of them came. Mrs. Hodgins is the possessor of a pretty, old-world garden, which on the occasion of her numerous summer entertainments is greatly enjoyed, but her tea on Thursday was so pleasant that one forgot to regret that it was December and not July.

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Among the guests I noticed Mrs. and Miss Edsall, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Messrs. Colin and Mayne Campbell, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Messrs. Robinson, Dickson, Fox, Captains Sears and Macdougall, Mr. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, the Misses Yarker, Mr. Beardmore, Messrs. Heward and Boulton, the Misses Shanly and Mr. Shanly, Mr. Saunders, the Misses Birchell, Miss Small, Mr. Small, the Misses Larratt Smith, Miss Dawson, Miss McCarthy and Mrs. Cattenach.

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So great is the tendency to enlarge all kinds of entertaining that what was originally intended only as a rehearsal of the Daisy-chain Quadrille for Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra's fancy ball became at Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's on Friday week a soiree dansante of very respectable dimensions. Some fifty people rejoiced in the perfect floor of Mr. Nordheimer's music-room, and in that gentleman's excellent valse music. The forging of the chain, which on Wednesday so completely enchained everybody, was successfully begun. Links of graceful forms and of fairest faces bound hearts as no steel could.

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On the next night, a party of like kind was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra. A rehearsal of a National Quadrille, to be danced at their fancy ball, and which had been got up by Miss Cawthra, was the occasion. But a rehearsal must have spectators, and these, in their turn, must do some dancing. It is not likely that any assembly of people, where there is a floor and music, will confine themselves to the lancers or to quadrilles—they must valse and they must polk. A small, but very enjoyable, dance was the result.

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On the same evening, an impromptu german, which until the very day itself had been kept a secret, was given by Mrs. John Boulton to a few of her friends. It was two o'clock before her guests, exhausted, sought their homes.

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As much calling as usual was not done on Monday, the 2nd, surnamed New Year's Day. On account of the size to which Toronto society has grown, it is impossible, even by starting very early, driving like Jehu, cutting each visit as short as possible, and so turning the day into a hard labor, to pay anything like the number of calls which are due from one. Many men feel that it is better to do no calling, than to leave half that they should do undone. Others, however, persistently keep up the fashion, and I, though I am sorry to confess it, was one of those who spent the day in calling on stately dames and fair demoiselles. At Chestnut Park, where I called early in the day, Lady Macpherson received a host of callers in the fine old gallery. She was assisted by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Macpherson, and her daughter, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes. Lady Macpherson wore a silver-gray silk trimmed with velvet of the same color and jet. Mrs. Macpherson was in brown silk, and Mrs. Bankes in a very handsome black lace over gray silk, relieved by vest and cuffs of shrimp color. At Mrs. Dalton McCarthy's handsome residence on Beverley street there were an unusually large number of callers. Mrs. McCarthy, who received, was assisted by Miss Ethel McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Miss Otter. The ladies were all dressed in what to my masculine eyes seemed plain afternoon gowns. Mrs. Beverley Robinson was complimented by many old and valued friends, calling upon her at her charmingly old-fashioned and delightfully romantic home, Sleepy Hollow. She wore a dress of dark velvet, and Miss Robinson, one of deep ruby-colored satin, draped with black point d'Alencon. Miss Edsall of New York, who assisted Mrs. and Miss Robinson at the reception, was attired in a delicate and becoming costume of the palest shade of gray, with trimmings of white corded silk. These, I think, were three of the pleasantest houses at which I called, and if my masculine stupidity has caused me to bungle in speaking of the ladies gowns, may heaven forgive my sins.

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I understand that Mrs. Robinson has selected every Tuesday as the day for receiving her friends.

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There was a large and pleasant party at Mrs. Harton Walker's, 117 St. George street, on Friday evening of last week. Among those present I noticed the Misses Burns, Miss Kennedy, Miss Eva Kennedy, the Misses Goodderham, Miss Thompson, Miss Hattie Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Rolph, Miss Simpson, Miss Ida Walker, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, and

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Mr. Bayley's Orchestra.

Mr. John Bayley has organized an orchestra. Judging from his success with the Citizens' band, his friends confidently expect the best of music at coming balls and social gatherings. In a previous issue the excellence of the playing at Senator Macdonald's was remarked. The same organization furnished music on the 18th, at Government House.

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Five o'clock Cups and Saucers,
Five o'clock Tea Sets,
Five o'clock Teapots and Kettles,
Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers,
Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,
Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,
Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,
Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons,
Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,
Fairy Lights, a large assortment,
Old Chipendale Grandfather Clocks.

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DANCING

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ESTABLISHED IN 1859.

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Singers of Sacred Song.

SATURDAY NIGHT's pages are graced this week with the portraits of three pretty young ladies who, in their respective churches, are looked upon as towers of strength in the services of praise. The artist has not succeeded very well in catching a likeness of Miss E. C. Oliver, whose charming and vivacious face and sweet voice can be seen and heard every Sunday in the Spadina avenue Methodist church, in which she is the soprano soloist. Miss Oliver is in reality a much prettier young lady than the picture gives her credit of being. She has bright and pleasant blue eyes and a smiling, amiable countenance, and altogether the accompanying portrait does not do her justice. It is, perhaps, a faithful copy of the photograph from

MISS E. C. OLIVER.

which it was made, but it falls short of the reality. Miss Oliver's voice is of good compass, sympathetic, mellow and well-balanced: and her presence in the church is a decided acquisition to its musical service. Miss Annie Wood is a pretty and engaging young lady who sings in the Queen street Methodist church. She belongs to a musical family. For many years her sisters were well known members of the Metropolitan church choir, and her love of music

MISS ANNIE WOOD.

she shares in common with them. The accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness of the young lady. Miss H. A. Flint belongs to the Metropolitan church choir. She is graceful, of prepossessing manners, and is a favorite with the members of the church and of the choir. The portrait of her which appears in this column is from a photograph taken a number of years ago, but the artist has given us a striking likeness of the young lady.

MISS H. A. FLINT.

SATURDAY NIGHT has recently materially increased its staff of artists and its engraving facilities, and two of the portraits in this number, those of Miss Wood and Miss Flint, have been produced by means of a new process, which is greatly superior to that formerly employed. Not only have better likenesses been obtained, but the engraving is far in advance of what has heretofore prevailed, and the publishers believe that the portraits to be produced in future will be superior to anything heretofore attempted in Canada. It is desired to print in this column the faces of every member of every church choir in Toronto, and as it will be well-nigh impossible to personally visit the vast army who Sunday after Sunday lift up their glad voices in praise of the Giver of all Good, the editor will be obliged if those church choir singers who have not been called upon will forward their portraits to this office, writing upon the backs their names and the churches at which they sing. When desired, these portraits will be returned as soon as the artists have made the necessary sketches. The efforts of those who devote their time and attention to praising Him who made them should not go unrecognized, and SATURDAY NIGHT will be glad of any assistance that can be given it to make its record complete. There is no desire to speak unkindly of any one in this paper, much less of those whose deeds and objects are as worthy as are those of the singers of sacred song whose faces are mirrored here from week to week.

The Household.

Any queries addressed to An Old Housekeeper, care Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, will be cheerfully responded to.

This is to be a short chapter on tongues—but not the human article, readers mine. One would have to wield a facile pen, indeed, to do justice to that theme, as exemplified in this fair city, and as mine is but a very halting quill at best, I will leave that prolific subject to abler hands and tell you something I do know a little about, and that is

HOW TO CURE A BEEF TONGUE.

In the first place, see that your butcher supplies you with one from a well-fed animal, not a little scraggy thing, but a good large one, with plenty of fat about the root. If you can't rely on your butcher (and certainly a good deal of my experience in the marketing line has convinced me that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain it isn't the much maligned Heathen Chinee alone who is peculiar), send to me for the address of mine. I've weighed him in his own balance and have not found him wanting.

Sprinkle a fresh tongue with a very little salt to draw some of the blood. In a few hours rub into it a tablespoonful of saltpetre, a large handful of salt, ditto coarse brown sugar, all well mixed together. Turn and rub the tongue every day for three weeks, when it will be ready to dry or keep in pickle. If the former way put it into a meat screen before the fire for a few days. When drained dry, sprinkle with bran and hang up in the kitchen. The better plan is to put it into a pickle made as follows: one gallon of water, three-quarters lb. of good brown sugar, two lbs. of salt, one oz. of saltpetre. Boil and skim well, and when quite cold, pour it over the tongue and keep it well covered with the pickle. I gen rally do three at a time, cooking one at the end of the three weeks, putting the others in the pickle. When these are required for use, they must be soaked for a few hours in cold water. To cook it I allow eight hours. This is double the time the cook book will give you, but try it once, and you will acknowledge the superiority of "an old housekeeper's" advice. Put it on with plenty of cold water, and a cupful of vinegar. Bring pickle to boiling, skim well, and then let it just simmer gently for the time given. Leave in the water till cool enough to bear your hand in it, skin it and draw out the loose bones at the root, and if you haven't a tongue presser put it with a few spoonsful of the liquor into a round quart bowl, a small plate over it and a flat iron as a weight till cold. This is a much better way than putting it into a tongue-shaped mould, or fastening it up in its natural shape on a board, as, turned out round from a bowl and cut in thin slices, fillet fashion, there is none of it wasted. If you want to jelly it take about two cupsful of the liquor an hour before the tongue is done, add half the rind of a lemon, one bunch of parsley, a blade of mace, two cloves, four pepper corns, half an onion. Simmer together for half an hour and strain over half a box of Cox's gelatine, previously soaked in cold water for an hour. Put this with the tongue in the bowl, set in a cool place and when the jelly is firm turn out carefully.

Art and Artists.

There is next to nothing going on in Toronto's art circles at present. The knights of the brush are all busy with canvases for next spring's exhibition which promises to be the best we have had in years. If the idea of having a week in Old England is carried out, it will certainly boom art and art interests in Toronto, and speaking from the atmosphere of the studio the boom is badly needed.

*

Now, for some of the letters I spoke about last week. The first of these is from a lady correspondent, and contains some facts in reference to tht School of Art and Design. She writes:

The department of design and interior decoration has been in existence three years and is under the supervision of Miss Westincott, of the English family of artists of that name, and Miss Wait, a pupil of the Women's Institute of Technical Design, New York, and of the Metropolitan Museum Art Schools of W. H. Bartell, interior decorator. Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., teaches in the technical classes. Mr. Matthews, R.C.A., teaches perspective and water-color. Both artists are well known in this city. The antique sketch modeling and head classes have been in existence one year and are under the supervision of Mrs. M. G. Dignam, a pupil of the Art Students' League, New York, studying under Frederick Freer, Carrol Beckwith, Walter Shirlaw, and in Paris with H. Thomson, the English resident artist and medalist of the salon of '85. The school gives systematic instruction, and in the designing department pupils can qualify completely in practical and technical design. The school is in no sense of the word a picture-making institution, but aims at thorough and conscientious training. The pupils are serious in their studies and aims. Several have gone, and others intend going from the Antique classes to New York, Paris and Florence.

You can readily see that an institution of this kind is not popular with the chromo-loving plaque-painting public, and it is only by the self-sacrifice of those connected with the school of time, means and strength, without remuneration, that a little good has been done, and a little appreciation received.

*

Mr. James P. Murray, of 21 Charles street, writes:

Your articles have brought to my mind a suggestion I made to some friends interested in art about the time the proposal was made to alter the present pavilion to a music hall. I think it is pretty well conceded that the best locality for a music hall should be somewhere between Church, Bay, King streets and Wilton avenue—the best site would be where the Richmond street Methodist church stands, through to Temperance street; and here I might say the desire of the Gardens' Trust that the corporation should assume its responsibility goes to prove there is not much faith in the success of a music hall being made out of the pavilion. What I propose, then, is that the city takes up the trust and give the citizens A Peoples Art Museum and Conservatory. We have wealthy people in Toronto and Ontario to whom it would give pleasure to encourage art by donating chef d'oeuvres if there were an institution properly adapted, belonging to and governed by and for the people. Admitting that the Ontario society, the Associated Artists and the schools of design are all doing good work, what chance have the public—I mean the large public, not the friends only of any or all of the societies named—what chance has it to see or encourage art?

Give them the pavilion made into a large conservatory where statuory will find its best relief, the walls arranged to receive pictures—the gallaries and floors for placing other articles of virtue. Give the people free days and on other afternoons and evenings popular priced promenade concerts and with donations and gifts from those desiring to encourage art, but for want of opportunity cannot do so now, we shall soon feel the great change take place and works from the brush of Jules Breton and others of renown shall not pass Toronto for want of a place to show them, or people to go and see them.

Look at what the Art Museum of Cincinatti is doing. I am sure were the opportunity given to Torontonians to follow the example here set them, we would soon have a collection worthy of our progressive city and our main pride would be The Peoples Art Museum and Conservatory.

*

Mr. Philip H. Dufresne, the photographer, has recently perfected what strikes me as one of the most important discoveries in photographic art that has been made in many years. It is called, and it is, reflected photography, and consists of a process by which portraits are taken from four distinct points of view—one a side view with a Rembrandt effect on the profile, another a back view, and the third a three-quarter view, while, of course, the original pose is shown in the centre. Mr. Dufresne has had, or is having, his invention patented all over the world, and I fancy it will prove a veritable gold mine to him. It forms an interesting study to notice the different attitudes which the one pose will give when viewed from different positions.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

A Season of Opera.

Well, the National Opera has come and gone. We have had some good opera companies here in by-gone years, but we have never had opera of any kind put on with the magnificence that distinguishes the National Opera Company. A perfect colony in numbers, its chorus and ballet completely filled Manager Shaw's pretty little stage, while the first four rows of parquet seats were taken away to make room for the orchestra. Everybody seems to agree that, apart from the gorgeous pageantry seen on the stage, the most satisfactory feature was the orchestra. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, who conducted the opera here in June last as Theodore Thomas' assistant, has surrounded himself with a most effective body of musicians. Every man a master of his instrument, and some forty-five of them under a talented man like Mr. Hinrichs, ought to make a good band. And it did. It was a pleasure to all the music-mad to forget the people and individuals and simply listen to the band. Such rushes of music, and such strongly marked swell passages, have never been excelled here.

*

Everybody in the Faust audience on Monday evening felt a thrill of regret and disappointment when the good-looking young man came out and announced that, owing to Emma Juch's illness, her part would be sung by Amanda Fabris. Everyone in the house forgot all about it in a few minutes after that young lady's entree, however, for a sweeter, more ideal Marguerite could not be seen. Tall, beautiful, gentle and innocent in appearance, she had won her audience's hearts before she sang, and, when once she sang, an exquisitely soft and clear voice settled the whole business, although it was evident that she was young as an actress. No one missed poor Juch except one or two soreheads, who will quarrel with the archangel Gabriel, if they live to meet that gentleman. This same young lady made a most tremendous hit on Wednesday evening, when, as the scheming slave, Astaroth, she sang a peculiarly lovely bit of vocalization, a sort of call, which a Philistine who sat near me said was a musical setting of the boys' call, "Yoo-hoo!"

I liked the Mephistopheles of Frank Vetta. He is a really wicked, malicious devil, not like the conventional Satan who is only gentlemanly and mildly sarcastic. He was more, he was bad! A beautiful picture was presented when the soldiers' chorus was sung. The men's dresses were very handsome and historically correct. The effect was heightened by the display of a large German flag. The chorus was a fair one, but was rather weak in women's voices. The male chorus was excellent, Charles Bassett has improved very much since his visit here in the spring, his voice being much more resonant and full. He made a very good Faust, singing and acting the part well.

*

The ballet was not up to its previous excellence, and was decidedly queer on Monday evening. Of course election day must have prevented these young ladies from indulging in Canadian drinks, but they certainly looked and acted as if other causes besides Manager Shaw's floor was at fault. The principal and a second fell, and the dancers generally were much at variance with the music. Still the dresses and dances were very handsome, and the ballet on Wednesday night was as near perfection as can be looked for outside of Paris. The scenery throughout was really grand. The fortress of Antwerp in Lohengrin, and every scene in the Queen of Sheba were beautiful settings.

*

The Tuesday night's performance of Lohengrin, gave our Wagnerites a chance to work off their enthusiasm. It looked, however, as if the eternal crash and blare of the brass were doing the enthusiasm business by proxy. If one can hear the opera a few times, or go over the score carefully, its great beauties will be more apparent, but it must bewilder those who hear it without such preparation, especially as the stage pictures are so wonderful. The gathering of the knights on the banks of the Scheldt in the first act, and the procession to the minster excelled any pageants ever witnessed in Toronto. Bertha Pierson, as Elsa, sang nobly. She has a little too much of the vibrato, but I begin to think that when a voice of great force and sweetness is free from the vibrato, it is time that the singer were looking out for three or four thousand dollars a night.

*

One thing is certain—no ordinarily great voice can sing over such an accompaniment as the Lohengrin music, without using distinct vibrato. The voice would never override the din. The same lady made a still greater success of the Sulamith part on Wednesday night. In this her voice was most telling and frequently overtopped chorus, orchestra and all. Barney McGuckin, as his friends love to call him, made an ideal Lohengrin. Tall, handsome, with a splendid figure and a true tenor voice, and the whole encased in a suit of silver armor, he was just delightful. The other Irishman in the party, Mr. Ludwig, gave a capital rendering of the scheming Telramund. Little Clara Poole commenced with the small part of Siebel on Monday, then sang Ortrud on Tuesday night, with a fine appreciation of the dramatic capabilities of the part, and brought her efforts to a climax on Wednesday, when she sang the part of the wayward Queen of Sheba. She has a splendid dramatic contralto voice, of rare clearness and flexibility, and is a clever little actress. She should know her parts, however; she was decidedly off in this respect on Wednesday night, and nearly spoiled her best role.

*

The Queen of Sheba was a fitting climax to the short season. The music is beautiful, full of sweet bits of melody, and rich in its harmonies, without being heavy to the extent that Lohengrin is, and is full of romance. The orchestration is deliciously bland, and goes along sensuously and richly, in accompaniment to the action of the opera. Bits of local color are evident especially in the third act where the music is distinctly Jewish and Greek. The scenery was magnificent, especially the temple scene, and the desert. In the latter, most vivid effects were produced by a windstorm, in which the sand could be seen scurrying across the horizon, while palm trees were bending to the sirocco.

*

Bassett's Assad and Alonzo Stoddart's King Solomon were fine performances, the latter especially singing in great form. I was glad to find that the receipts were large, in spite of election day and a fashionable fancy dress party on Wednesday. These two events must have lessened the business by a thousand dollars. Manager Shaw deserves the greatest credit for his courage in bringing so expensive an organization to his theater, and I hope to see him do it again, with still better results.

*

A word to those who persist in talking while music is going on. Others have paid the same price of admission that you have, but they have paid it for the privilege of hearing the music, not of hearing you, and there is a wide difference between the values of the two. Such conduct does not become those who don the garb of civilized people, nor, for that matter, does it become anyone, garb or no garb.

METRONOME.

Their Annual Supper.

The Tammany Hall Boating Club held its fourth annual supper at the club-house last Friday evening. After doing ample justice to a sumptuous repast, the toasts were proposed by Mr. J. Litster, the chairman. The Army and Navy was responded to by Mr. C. Lugsdin; the Medical Profession was acknowledged by Dr. Babbitt; the Ladies, by Mr. W. Allen; Sister Clubs, by several members of the Toronto Canoe Club; Visitors, by Messrs. Skinner and Raymor, of Gananoque, and Messrs. Owens and Babbit, of Oshawa; and Our American Cousins, by Mr. H. A. Sherrard. The toasts were interspersed by songs and recitations by Messrs. Skinner, T. Litster, Sparrow, Mason and G. Lugsdin.

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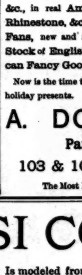

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SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

MY FRIEND BELLAMY:

OR.

THE ENGRAVER AND THE COUNTERFEITER.

By W. G. WATERS.

I set out the design on the reduced scale Mr. Bellamy had given me without much trouble and found my task much easier than I had anticipated. I worked till the clock struck two and then I bethought me of the coffee the doctor had named. I took a cup, and found it excellent—such coffee as I rarely tasted before. After taking it I did not feel inclined for more work, and remembering Mr. Bellamy's counsels as to late hours I went to bed.

I cannot say how long I may have slept. When I awoke I judged it to be day from the faint hum of the streets; but there was no more light in my bedroom than that which came in through the door. I got up and found the lamp which I had extinguished on going to bed, trimmed and lighted, and the curtains drawn back. The lower panes of the window were ground glass, and through those above I could only see the customary black walls and chimneys of the rear view from a London house. Breakfast was prepared on a side table, and having despatched this, I sat down to my work.

I kept at it steadily for a couple of hours and more, for I certainly felt that the work had a strange fascination for me. As the reduced version of the figure of the fair and stately woman advanced toward perfection on the plate before me, it seemed to grow more and more familiar to me, and I instinctively recalled the old man's inquiry of the previous day as to whether I had not seen something like it before. The doctor's words, too, seemed to be in the way of being fulfilled; for I really was becoming fascinated with the grand, calm face which looked down upon me from the photograph on the easel.

But this pictured face, lovely as it was, could not drive out of my thoughts the one in real flesh and blood I had looked at last night. I heard a noise behind me, and started up with a thrill of hope and excitement in my heart, and sat down disgusted when I found it was only the dwarf come to clear away the lamp and fast. I asked where his master was, for I was getting proud of my work, and wanted to show it. "Mr. Bellamy," he said, "was not feeling very well this morning, and would not be about yet. The young lady was in the front room if I wanted to speak to her."

I laid down my tool at once, and found Miss Nathalie sitting by the fire doing some needlework. I addressed some commonplace observation to her, and we sat talking for half an hour and more. I soon discovered that she was intelligent and well read, and I fancied she seemed very glad to have some one to talk to. By daylight her face seemed handsomer and more striking than in the evening dusk; but, just the same as the night before, I noticed that there was no youthfulness about her. That was the great charm she lacked; but, living in such surroundings as hers were, there was little wonder that it was so.

Our conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Dr. Fabricius came in.

"So, Mr. Costello. I am glad to see you looking so well. I have just come from our old friend, and he is very anxious to know how the plate goes on. Have you had good luck with it?"

"You shall judge for yourself," I replied, as I led the way into the inner room.

The doctor took up the plate, and examined it narrowly with a microscope under the lamp.

"Ah, yes; it is first-rate. I can be certain so far, ignoramus as I am about engraving. And what progress you have made. You will never repent having taken this job in hand, Mr. Costello. When it becomes known that this is your work, you will have no occasion to ask for commissions."

I took my tool and sat down to work again. Dr. Fabricius watched me for a minute or two, and then left the room. I worked hard for the rest of the day, and when the clock struck eight I had very little to do. I saw nothing more of Nathalie, nor of Mr. Bellamy either, till after my tea, when the latter, seemingly quite well, came in, and at once began to congratulate me on my success.

"The good doctor tells me you have succeeded beyond all expectation," he began. "Ah, you remember what we were saying about the consolations of art the first time we met. Art is like mercy, it blesses him that gives and him that takes. We two are indeed fortunate. We know a joy that must always be strange to the sordid seeker after gold."

I saw the old man was genuinely pleased with what I had done, so I did not stop him in his rhapsody, though I had begun to suspect there was more sound than sense in his words.

"I have all the delight of your perfect work," he went on, "and you, you have the reward of feeling that you have done a kind action, a reward that will last as long as you live, my young friend, as long as you live."

As he spoke Mr. Bellamy placed his hand on my shoulder, and the beaming smile rippled over his countenance.

"I think it is about finished now," I said. "It is a mistake to overwork a plate of this kind."

"Yes, I quite agree with you. And, by the by, here is the money," and he counted me fifty sovereigns out of a canvas bag. "And now I will take the plate upstairs just to examine it under a microscope. Will you wait a little in case there should be anything to do in the way of retouch? Here is your supper. Eat it, and enjoy it; though I hope it may not be the last meal you take under my roof."

He left the room, and I, nothing loth, fell to. Half an hour passed, and no one came. I took a book and began to read; but I was soon interrupted by a knocking at the outer door, and the sound of feet and muffled voices in the passage. I was astonished at this after the intense stillness that had prevailed hitherto. Almost immediately Dr. Fabricius stole suddenly into the room, and locking the door, made a gesture of silence as he did so.

I saw in a moment from his manner that something was amiss.

"Hush, speak softly," he whispered; "something most unfortunate has occurred. The police are in the house, and have gone up to Mr. Bellamy's room, poor old man! I fear it will be the death of him."

"What is it? What has he done?" I cried.

"Nothing, just nothing; but it is the shock to his system that may do the mischief. The reason for the police coming here is this. This morning there was an attempt to blow up Newgate with gunpowder, the work, so they say, of some Fenian conspirators. Now Mr. Bellamy has been in the habit of meeting and talking to some of these men and their foreign associates at a cafe he frequents, and the police knew of this. I don't want to make you nervous; but I believe they have come here, not so much to find Mr. Bellamy, as to discover the whereabouts of a young man who was seen in his company at the cafe two or three nights ago. I fear that points to you. What do you think yourself?"

I was very much taken aback at this speech of the doctor's, for though one be as innocent as a baby, one never poses quite so well after an appearance at the bar of a police court as before.

"But they can't want me. I never saw Mr. Bellamy till the day before yesterday. Oh, hang it," I cried, "that fifty pounds will cost me dear if my name gets into the papers. Of course everybody will set me down as an Irish conspirator."

"Not so bad as that let us hope," said the doctor, "but it may be awkward for you. Stay! is there no way of d ing them? Look here, leave your tools just as they are. They are Mr. Bellamy's, of course, and get into this old clock case. It is big enough to hold two men," and as he spoke he crossed the room on tiptoe and opened the case of the old Dutch clock, revealing as he did so a tolerable big cupboard. I followed him close, with my mind a little relieved, for I felt I should be well nigh ruined if my name should be mixed up, ever so slightly, in connection with a Fenian plot. I stepped lightly inside, and the doctor, before he closed the door, called my attention to some perforations in the wood-work which would admit plenty of air.

"They will be here for some minutes no doubt," he went on, "and as soon as they are gone I will come and let you out. Mind, not a sound if you hear footsteps in the room. Now I must go and see to Nathalie. The poor girl is almost beside herself," and with these words he closed the door. The lock, seemingly a spring one, gave a sharp metallic click as if it were strong and in good order, a far more efficient lock, indeed, than one finds usually on old Dutch clock cases.

I heard Dr. Fabricius close the door of the room, and, as all became silent again, a thousand fancies took possession of my brain, and in a minute's time these gave place to fears. It then occured to me what a short, sharp, vicious snap the lock of the clock-case had given when Fabricius closed it. It is not a pleasant sensation to be shut up in a box with a spring-lock, with your release depending upon the good will of a perfect stranger, a stranger whom you had met under the most peculiar condition, and one, moreover, who had hitherto not impressed you very favorably; but after a little after a time I came to the conclusion that in me in the house of so kindly a man as Mr. Eugene Bellamy! He was a little cracked, indeed, on the subject of art and its humanizing influences; but then two-thirds of the human race have bees of some sort or other in their bonnets. And then there was Nathalie. That look of gratitude she gave me last night was yet fresh in my memory, and I assured myself that she would not see me in peril without using her woman's wit to help me.

I listened attentively for the door to open and the myrmidons of the law to enter. I speculated as to whether they would examine the handiwork in search of treasonable emblems, and the interval of despondency returning, I wondered if the stately woman I had been praying might not be some Goddess of Freedom of Spirit or Liberty. A design, perhaps, for the Great Seal of the Irish Republic, but the entire absence of the Hibernian emblems comforted me. I could swear there was neither a shamrock nor a harp in any part of the plate I had finished.

Suddenly, as if the vain strivings after identification of the past twenty-four hours had been violently crystallized into coherence by a sudden shock of electricity, I sat bolt upright, and all my blood seemed to freeze in my veins as I became aware of what I had really been doing since I had been Mr. Bellamy's compulsory guest. In a moment, in the semi-darkness of my strange prison, this frightful recognition came upon me full and clear, accompanied by a feeling of wonder that my senses should have gulled me so long. Over and over again, both in the photograph and in the reduced drawing on the plate, I had been sensible of some glimmer of resemblance to something seen elsewhere; but this glimmer, unhappily, had never been kindled into a perfect light. Now I knew that the figure I had just finished was no other than the one which may be seen any day on the left-hand corner of a Bank of England note, and that I was in the clutches of a gang of forgers!

For a minute or so such a paralysis fell upon my will that I doubt whether I should have or were able to step out into freedom had the door of my prison been thrown open. How clearly and fully came back to my recollection all the weird stories I had read about men who had fallen into snares like the one which had now closed over my head, and as I considered these I abandoned all hope that any feelings of mercy would sway the decisions of my gaolers in the disposition of a tool like myself. I had served my purpose, and was no longer of any use; but it would hardly be safe to let me go my way. Before this many a one had no doubt been lured to destruction in like manner, and had never lived to tell the world of his adventures. The story of the police being in the house was of course all part and parcel of the trap, and, had I declined to enter the clock-case, another method, less convenient but just as efficient, would have been found to silence me. In the midst of this storm of agitation I was in a measure recalled to myself by the sound of the clock which began to strike over my head. I counted ten strokes, and when the ring of the bell had ceased I could hear the footsteps in the room, and a bright light shone through the perforations of the door.

By drawing myself up to my full height I managed to bring my eye level with one of the holes, and peered out into the room, There I saw the man they called Dr. Fabricius standing by the table cleaning away the engraving tools I had lately used, and almost immediately the old man entered from the adjoining apartment—to my horror and amazement no longer on crutches—but walking with a swift, stealthy tread. He came close to where Fabricius was standing, and the two talked for some moments in tones too low for me to catch what the words were. Then they both withdrew to the most remote corner of the room and began to turn up the carpet, and when they had rolled this back some distance, so as to leave a large space of the floor exposed, Fabricius, stooping down, took hold of an iron ring and lifted up what was evidently a trap-door of a cellar beneath.

Strange to say, this movement, suspicious and threatening as it was, kindled in me a heart a spark of hope. Perhaps the story of the police might be true after all. Perhaps the old man was really a Nihilist or a Communist, and had been a little too sympathetic towards the high-souled patriots of the Emerald Isle, who even then were making trial of the emancipating virtue of explosives, though in a milder degree than in these latter days of progress.

Perhaps the trap door they were lifting up was a way of escape contrived in the same ingenious fashion as had made a sort of conspirator's closet out of an innocent-looking Dutch clock-case, but then came the terrible thought that perhaps it was a living tomb to which they were going to consign me, clock-case and all, to starve and rot, and effectually conceal the secret of that fatal plate, and of the image which I, in my ignorance, had engraven thereon.

But I was not long left in doubt. Leaving the trap-door open, they came toward the clock-case, and, standing one on each side of it, pushed it easily from its place. It evidently moved on wheels, and was quite distinct from the dial apparently belonging to it, for I heard the clock strike the quarter in its original situation when I was being moved towards the middle of the room.

Up to this moment I had kept silent and well-nigh motionless, but now the crisis had come to me which comes to the fly in the web when he sees the spider advancing towards him. The fight for life must be made, however desperate the odds against me. I passed my fingers rapidly round the inside of the case to detect, if possible, where the fastening of the lock might catch, but the joinery was so smooth and perfect that I should never have found it had not the brass plate of the lock struck cold to my fingers as they touched it after passing along the wood. Then, drawing my legs up till my knees were about level with the lock, and pressing my back against the back of the case, I brought every muscle into play to drive outwards the walls of my narrow cell, caring nothing whether it might give way, front or rear. The violence of my effort tested to the full the handiwork of the man who had put the woodwork together, for it cracked as if it must burst, and the whole thing swayed over, and would have fallen had not one of the men caught it and laid it down on a horizontal position on the ground.

"Aha! my young friend," said the voice of the old man, "you are tired of standing, perhaps, are you? Well, you shall lie down a little. But he will not have much more walking to do, will he, good doctor?"

The voice of old Bend was speaking, I was straining every muscle, and the chest cracked again and again. I even felt the panels give way against my knees; but the lock still kept its hold. Again and again I put my whole force into my struggle for life, and so blurred and confused did my perception become in the agonizing pantings and strainings, that I did not realize I was being moved along until I felt my head sink suddenly. The chest was evidently being lowered down a slopping surface, grating against rough wood in its descent. Suddenly, with a shock, it came to a standstill, and a loud crash overhead told me that the trap-door which I had seen raised a few minutes before had closed upon me. Not a gleam of light now penetrated the holes in the chest, and the utter darkness told me the terrific fact that I was lying alive in my coffin in the underground cellar of a forger's den, with no more chance of escape than from an iceberg in the Polar Sea.

The heavy thud of the trap-door fell upon my ears as the final seal of my miserable fate; and in a moment my self-control, which had hitherto stood by me, gave way. Till now no sound had passed my lips. Now I screamed wildly, and kicked with all my force against the bottom and sides of the chest. Soon my knees were gashed and bare, and I could feel the trickle of the warm blood from the self-inflicted wounds. At last exhaustion came, and, after one final effort of despair, my senses left me, and I lay unconscious. I know not how long, in my living tomb!

I remember nothing of the nightmare phantoms which affrighted my exhausted brain—the horrible dreams I dreamt that night—were vivid and real as no dreams of mine had ever been before. I saw birds' nesting, or apple-stealing, or wandering along the towing-path of the canal which ran almost at the bottom of my father's garden, and my father occupied when I was a school-boy, or taking a voyage on one of the barges from lock to lock. Now I was at my lessons, or, more strictly speaking, copying my Latin exercise from my neighbor's book. How plainly I marked in my trance the wen which grew on the head of Mr. Tugfold, my then schoolmaster. Now, I was in my work-room, with my head bent down over some delicate bit of scroll-work background, the lines of which would never fail to gather themselves into the similitude of the feline smile of the villainous assassin who had lured me to destruction. Now I was passing through the crowded street, and upon every face I met I saw the same false, cruel smile. Upon every one!—no. One there was which wore the same look of gratitude—almost of affection—I had seen when I consented to put my foot into the net whose infernal meshes had now closed over my head. Was it real gratitude, or, if real, would it be guiltless? All these images passed before me vivid as life; but there was beneath them all a dreadful semi-consciousness that they only veiled with their trailing garments something more horrible than death itself—the torments of starvation—just as I had heard that a patient under chloroform, in the midst of the narcotic trance, is dimly conscious of what he may be undergoing at the hands of the operator. But it came to an end at last, and I awoke to horror and silence and darkness. Weary as I was, with my brain fit to burst, and every joint stiffened by my violent struggles and my cramped position, every sense was keen and active as ever. I heard the stroke of two upon the bell of the clock in the room above, and soon after something like the scrambling of a rat near my head. In my waking hours and in my strongest health I always had a horror of these brutes, and now this scrathing revived in tenfold force my sense of aversion. Now it was scampering about on the case the consciousness to feel already the clawing feet in my flesh. Perhaps ere long it might find a way into the case to some purpose. Wild with horror, I drove my fist with all my force against the door, and it flew wide open at my touch.

THE DOCTOR, BEFORE HE CLOSED THE DOOR, CALLED MY ATTENTION TO SOME PERFORATIONS IN THE WOODWORK WHICH WOULD ADMIT PLENTY OF AIR."

CHAPTER III.

The air of the cellar struck cold to my face, and I did not move. The sudden shock, the discovery that I was as least free from the horrible box, was, in its effect, almost as paralyzing to my senses as had been the discovery that I was entrapped. First I lifted my hand, then I drew myself up into a sitting posture, and finally, after a struggle with my cramped limbs, got out of the chest and stood upright on the floor of the cellar. But I was far too weak, too much shaken, to maintain my balance. All the blood in my body seemed rushing to my head. I staggered, and wildly stretching out my hands to save myself, clasped an arm, an arm of soft warm flesh, and in a moment a firm hand was laid on my shoulder, and a whispered hush recalled to me the consciousness that I was by no means out of danger, and that if I did not keep silence I might very possibly never manage an exit at all.

I need hardly say that in the very instant when my hand fell upon that unseen arm, I was fully sensible who my deliverer was. Even in the darkness of that noisome vault I was as clearly conscious of the dreamy pitiful gaze of those wonderful eyes as ever I had been in the room above, when that pale, preoccupied looking girl had first come in and had spoken those words to me so pregnant of evil.

"Come this way," Nathalie, in a voice said in the lightest whisper, and I felt myself drawn along through the darkness. Probably I did not walk half a dozen yards, but it seemed to me like half a mile. Suddenly my guide stopped, and striking a match, lighted a little lamp she bore in her hand. I saw that the place in which we were standing was a vaulted cellar. A heavy door barred our further progress, but Nathalie took from her pocket two keys, one of which unfastened the heavy door and led us into another vaulted cellar slightly smaller than the one we had left. At the end of this was a recess in the wall, covered at the top by sliding wooden doors, which were fastened by a bar and a massive padlock. The girl silently brought forward a small empty packing-case into the recess, and, standing on this, unfastened the padlock with the other of the two keys. She removed the lock and let the bar fall into her hand, but just as she had done so much the heavy tread of a policeman sounded overhead. She motioned me by a silent gesture to hide the light, and for some minutes she stood motionless and almost breathless. Then, some time after the last sound had died away, she thrust up the heavy door with her arm, and, pointing to some holes in the brickwork by which I might mount, bade me, by a whispered word, hasten into safety. She had taken the lamp from my hand and had quenched its flame; but just overhead there was a gas lamp which poured a flickering glare into the recess where we stood. I could see the girl's face was agitated, and tears soon began to rise in her soft eyes. As yet I had spoken no words of thanks to her as my deliverer, but now, though I had perished for it, I could not resist the impulse to take her hand in mine and raise it reverently to my lips. She did not resist; but her hand trembled like a leaf, and she withdrew it, and, with a look of anxious terror in her face, whispered, "Go. Go at once. You are in great danger till you are out of this house. Make haste. Make haste, for perhaps they will miss me and come to search."

I was young in those days, and many young men, more prudent than I am, in my situation would probably have decided as I did, that prudence for a time must stand aside. I broke out into some wild reckless speech. The girl buried her face in her hands, as I told her how I loved her, and would tear her at any cost from this house of horror, and sobbed convulsively. Such agitated tempestuous moments as these come seldom in one's life, and leave an undying record on the memory. Those moments were sweet, God knows how sweet, to me; when, standing at the mouth of this pit of death, that confession, which is made, I trow, to most men sooner or later, was made to me. Surely no man had ever told his love and knew he was loved in return under stranger conditions. No gentle face covered with blushes, no softly whispered "Yes" assured me of my happiness, but a countenance full of fear and agony for my safety, and a few hoarsely-uttered words, "Go; run from this place as fast as you can. They will kill you if they find you, and I shall be your murderess; but I will die with you."

Thus her secret was told, and all the world knows how men are ever ready to listen to such discourse once, and once again; but suddenly the thought flashed upon me that I was guilty of gross selfishness in risking detection, and consequent danger to Nathalie, by delaying my flight. I took her in my arms and kissed her passionately, and then sprang upward into liberty.

I looked around me for a moment or two, and when I glanced back I saw that the heavy folding doors were already closed, and all was silent. But the minute after a light flashed through the glass above the entrance door, and I heard a step on the stair, but was still being unfastened. I was not out of danger yet, perhaps. There was a light fog in the streets, just enough to make all the houses look dreary alike. I ran down the court as fast as I could, turning now to the right and now to the left in the maze of streets. I kept on till I was fairly out of breath, and when I stopped I had not the faintest idea where I was, for in the fog the names of the streets I had passed through could hardly have been legible, even had I had time to look at them in my flight from the pursuers whom I figured as following in my track. Suddenly a turning brought me into a street which I recognized as Endell street, and once that I was in a thoroughfare which I knew my courage returned. I made my way leisurely into Holborn, and there I found a cab to take me to my lodgings.

I made no pretence of going to bed that night. The next morning I had to invent an excuse to explain to my landlady my unusual, indeed unprecedented, absence from home the night before; and I went back to my work as if the uneventful round of my days had suffered no interruption; but a man does not enrich his life with an experience like this one I have just described without finding that grave and deeply seated changes are the result.

In the first hours of my return to my lodgings while pacing up and down my room in the early morning; afterwards, when lying awake in my bed by night, or bending over my plate by day, or pacing backwards and forwards through those dreary streets of mid London, in search of the house which had so nearly proved my tomb, I revolved in my mind what was now the question of questions for me. I did not speculate as to how many hundred of pounds' worth of those fictitious bank-notes, of which I was the unwitting author, had been disseminated amongst the British public, or as to the fate of those murderers said and thought when they discovered my living coffin open and empty. They and their foul deed troubled me very little. I could think of nothing else but that vision of innocence in the midst of crime—that strange, almost solemn, figure of buried youth and half-crazed inelfocts. Such a girl in such a place seemed to me like a fair flower sprung from some chance seed which the heedless wind had flung into some dank, sunless corner of a neglected garden, pallid and strengthless in its beauty, late to mature and quick to wither. What had her past been like, and what must her future be? The wretches with whom she dwelt had evidently for some reason or other kept her in ignorance of their nefarious calling, till by occasions she discovered the doom to which was prepared for me, and risked her life to save mine. So much for the past. As to the future, I made up my mind to strain every nerve and try every plan to find her again and have some part in shielding her from the perils among which she had grown up. I breathed no word of my adventure to a soul; and for several days I was strangely unwilling to set about the fulfilment of my design. At last one night I went to the Cimarosa Italian restaurant cafe; but arrived there I had not the courage to enter; for with my recollections of it, it seemed to me nothing else than the ante-chamber of the pit of death. At length the door opened and a man came out, and then I could see the place was empty, so I went in and asked the waiter whether the lame old gentleman with the white beard had been there lately.

"No," he replied, as he shook a table cloth in my face. "I had not seen him dese dree, your day."

"I WENT UP TO HER AND ASKED HER HOW LONG THE HOUSE OPPOSITE HAD BEEN VACANT."

"Has he been in the habit of coming here long?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, for a year or more; and he nefer missed a night. De oder gentlemen he talk mit, they komm chust de zame."

I did not wait to pursue my interrogations further; but in three days' time I returned and received the same reply from the waiter. The old gentleman had not been to the cafe again.

Then I felt sure that my rescue had been discovered, and that the confederates had taken alarm; perhaps were even now out of England. I had an indescribable aversion to place the matter in the hands of the police, and I resolved at least to discover by the process of exhaustion the position of Mr. Bellamy's residence. I bought a large scale map of London, and explored every alley and court lying within the bounds of the district which I felt sure must contain the house I was seeking. At last, after spending a dozen evenings in tramping through the mire and gloom of the sordid streets, I found myself in a court which I recognized at once. I hurried on, and there surely enough was the triangular space at the end, and there, too, was the very house, with the handsome door-circle; light over the door, with all its shutters closed, and a handbill in one window announcing that it was "To Let."

I took a survey of the neighboring houses. They were all of a greatly inferior type, with brass plates of different dimensions dotted about

"I Could not Resist the Impulse to Take her Hand in Mine and Press it Reverently to my Lips."

the doors, and multitudinous bell-handles on every door-post. Seeing an old woman potering about the threshold of one of them, I went up to her and asked her how long the house opposite had been vacant.

"Och aye, sor," she replied, "it's just a fortnight, or maybe three weeks since the lame guid gintleman, God bless him! went away one morrin', and nobody has set eyes on him since. And three days after a broker's cart came and took away arl the sticks o' furniture."

"And the young lady and the dark gentleman—are they all gone as well?"

"I niver see no dark gintleman; but there was a slip of a colleen with the guid man when he went away. Ah sor, it's many a sixpence he has given to me and to other poor critters as well. May the saints help him wherever he may go."

"Do you know the name of the broker who took away the furniture, or the landlord to whom the house belongs."

"Sorra a bit. Brokers and landlords are mighty hard on poor folks like me. Ah! the swate guid gintleman, with his white hair and poor cripplin' legs. I'll never have anoth'r like o' silver from him, worse luck, but maybe yo'll be seein' him soon, and av ye do, tell him that poor ould Betty's cough is as bad as iver, and that she's powerful bad o' the—"

I cut the old woman's story short by giving her the sixpence, and probably I was at once elevated in her estimation to a moral level with Mr. Bellamy. I took the number of the house and ascertained from the rating authorities the landlord's name; but here I was brought to a dead standstill. The landlord knew nothing more of Mr. Bellamy than that he took the house three years ago, and had always paid his rent in advance. He was sorry to loose such an admirable tenant, and would be much obliged to me if I could find him another as good.

I went to a private inquiry office and put the affair into the hands of an agent. He traced the goods which had been taken from the house to the store of a certain furniture broker; but that was not the same thing as tracing Nathalie. A further clue was lost; and the agent, like an honest man, told me that I should be throwing away to no purpose any more money I might spend in the case. Still, I did not lose heart nor relax my investigations. I gave up my Camberwell lodgings, so that I might spend all my evenings in groping about the foreign quarter of London, in the hope of meeting either Mr. Bellamy or Dr. Fabricius; for I was persuaded that they had not moved far when they left their late habitation.

One day, under the heading of "Liverpool," I read the following paragraph in the newspaper: "On Friday last, just as the steamship Black Swan was preparing to leave for New York, the police arrested two men who were amongst the passengers, on the charge of counterfeiting and putting in circulation false Bank of England notes. The prisoners, an Englishman named Lucas, and a Maltese, who was known to possess at least a dozen aliases, were taken before the magistrate, and, on the evidence then produced, were committed to take their trial at the forthcoming assizes."

In a moment I knew that my hand was on the clue. I made enquiries as to the date of the assizes, and on the day before the commission opened I started for Liverpool.

I had no fixed plan of operations in my head. The first step I took was to go to the office of the brokers of the steamship Black Swan, to try and ascertain whether any other ticket had been taken besides those of the two men.

"Yes," the clerk informed me "Three saloon tickets were taken at the same time under the names of Mr. and Miss Lucas and Mr. Meizi; none of these passengers went by the Black Swan; but, by the rules of the company, their ticket would be available by the next boat."

The trial of the two forgers came on for hearing the first day of the assizes. I was early at the doors, and secured a place in the front row of the public gallery. As I sat in the dingy court, watching the officials making their final dispositions, and the barristers' and solicitors' clerks bringing in their bags and sheaves of documents, I doubt began to assail me. The men I was seeking were not the only bank-note forgers in England; and, strong as was the circumstantial evidence furnished by their nationality and the presence of a daughter in their projected trip across the Atlantic, I might well be mistaken.

I had almost discounted my failure, and was beginning to make my plans for a fresh start, when the movement in court and the entrance of the sheriff told me that my period of suspense was near its end. The prisoner in the first case pleaded guilty: the second was the one in which I was interested.

I do not know whether to call myself a coward or not. I suppose I must have a craven drop somewhere in my veins, for I most certainly felt a thrill of terror as the officer called out the names of Henry Lucas and Paul Meizi. I fancy it must have arisen from the horror of association rather than physical fear—from the thought that I was about to be close to, and look into the faces of the men who, a few weeks ago, had devoted me to a slow and torturing death—to see and be seen of them. The officer's voice had scarcely ceased when the first of the prisoners stepped into the dock, and I recognized in a moment the dark and sinister countenance of Fabricius.

His appearance was scarcely changed at all; but Bellamy's long hair and beard were shorn, and with his shaven chin and clipped moustache he looked as fierce and restless as a hunted wolf. No one would have recognized in him the calm and benevolent sage of the Circassian cafe. I kept my eyes fixed steadily on his face; but he did not recognize me till the counsel for the prosecution had almost finished his speech. Then I noticed that he started violently, and a few minutes after he pointed me out to his solicitor who was seated just below the dock.

The trial was a very short one. The evidence for the crown was overwhelming, and there was virtually no defence. As soon as the foreman pronounced the word "Guilty," I made my way out of court; but immediately I issued forth was I stopped by a man, apparently a messenger, who asked me to call on a matter of urgent business that same evening at an address he gave me.

I at once associated the message with the communication I had seen pass between Bellamy and his solicitor, and I resolved to call at the address given; but I had another matter to attend to first.

I asked the policeman on duty in the entrance-hall whether the friends of prisoners just convicted would be allowed admission to the jail.

"After five o'clock you can leave your name with the head turnkey, and let him know who it is you wish to see."

"And is it absolutely necessary for everybody to go to the head turnkey?" I asked.

"I don't know no other way myself," said the policeman snappishly; "and you'll be very clever if you can find one," and he turned away to answer some other interrogations.

I had learnt all I wanted to know. At half-past four I took up my station opposite the great gates of the prison to watch for some one who I felt sure would come. A romancer might have written a volume of stories about the imaginary errands of the melancholy crew that passed me on their way to take a farewell to their unfortunates whom the law had at last gathered into its avenging grasp. First came a little girl with an old wizened face, wretchedly clad, but impudent and self-confident as a woman of forty. She rang at the door quite familiarly, and made her request known to the porter with a knowing grin. Then came a tall old man, evidently a gentleman, with fine, clear-cut features, leading a lady in deep mourning, and closely veiled. Then a red-faced muscular Irish woman, howling and sobbing, after the demonstrative fashion of her race. Then a farmer-like man, with a wooden look upon his impassive face. A dozen must have passed in before the clock struck five, and I was beginning to doubt; but the last stroke had scarcely sounded when a slender figure, clad in black from head to foot, passed through the circle of light that fell from the lamp over the prison door.

Though the face was veiled I knew at once that it was Nathalie. I drew behind the angle of the house in front of which I was standing as she approached the door of the jail. It opened and closed behind her, and in spite of the rather suspicious looks of the constable on duty I kept my post of observation till she should reappear.

The moments crept slowly on. Six o'clock struck upon the clanging bell above, and I had already marked the exit of all those I had watched enter save one. At last the heavy door swung back once more. The slim figure glided forth and walked rapidly away, but before she had gone twenty yards I was beside her.

"Nathalie!" I cried; "thank God I have found you!" She stopped at the sound of my voice, and uttered a faint cry. "You are alone in the world now, but you will never be with out a friend while i live, I, who owe you life and everything."

I took her by the hands, and she began to sob violently, and was soon in a paroxysm of hysteric grief. I led her aside up a by street, and we walked along in silence broken only by her sobs, till we came to an open place, where a

"I could see the figure of a woman sitting at a table apparently writing."

large space had been cleared for rebuilding. The workmen had left, and it was now all quiet, and I prevailed upon her to sit down upon a heap of plank.

"Do not be distressed. I know everything; how you were as much a stranger to all that went on in that house as one of those children playing there. Nathalie, you know how I love you. You will come with me now, dear, and I will take you to a place of safety till I can make you my wife."

She shuddered, and drew away from me as I approached her. "Ah, no!" she cried, in gasping terror. "Say no more such words as those. You are mocking me."

"Mocking you, Nathalie! I loved you the first minute I saw you, and every hour that has passed since then my love has grown stronger, till now I could not live without you."

She drew her veil aside. There were traces of tears on her face; but it was calm now, and she looked steadily at me with her deep dreamy eyes. "You are good and noble, and because I was young and lonely you pities me; but you cannot love me—the child of the man who sought to murder you."

"Nathalie, let us forget all that night as a hideous dream, except our farewell. You would have risked your life, I know, to save any one; but unless you had cared a little for me you would not have let me speak to you as I did."

She cast down her eyes, and a crimson blush overspread her cheeks.

"Nathalie," I went on, "you shall believe me, and you shall not cast aside my love. Your parentage—your whole past, you must forget. No two people in the whole world are so fitted to come together as we are, for we are both alone. You are not more solitary than I am."

Nathalie rose and put her hand on my arm.

"You are grateful to me for the service I did you. You pity me, and perhaps you love me. If you do, I thank you with all my heart; but I should be base indeed to allow you to join your life with mine, and to take for your wife the daughter of a felon. But I knew nothing about it. I thought he was working at his book, as I told you. That wretch, his confidante, told me I must use all my persuasion to induce you to stay, and say one hopeless and unsuspicious than you are would have thought of me as being in the plot. You hold me guiltless of that, I am sure."

"My darling, I could as soon suspect an angel from heaven; but you must put aside all these foolish fears. Nothing in the world could make you anything but a worthy wife for the noblest man."

She shook her head mournfully; but I could see she was powerfully moved.

"No, nothing can wash out the stain. I will love you and bless you as long as I live for the ray of light you have shed over my life, but you must not go your way and forget me. You are a man with a career before you, and association with one like me would only ruin your life. With a woman it is different. What is life for mine worth? The world will be no poorer for its loss, nor have I any wish to prolong it."

"Oh, Nathalie, words like these cut me to the heart. Do you know that I could make your life bright and happy if you would only let me—but you are unstrung and excited now. Let me take you to your lodgings. I will see you again to-morrow."

She allowed me to lead her away from the place where we had been seated, and told me the street and the number where she was lodging. I left her at the door, and promised to call the next morning.

I made my way at once to the address which the messenger had given me as I was leaving the court, and found it to be a private house with a brass plate on the door, setting forth the fact that "Mr. Charles Romer, Solicitor," lived there. I rang several times in vain, but at last the door was opened by a manifest maid of all work, who informed me that Mr. Romer was gone "up town," and that if I had business at the office I had better call in the morning.

I was very impatient to know what could be the purport of this business, and did not relish the prospect of waiting so long. I asked the young woman whether Mr. Romer would be back that evening, or whether he had not left a letter or a message for Mr. Costello: but she was, willing or unwillingly, imperturbable, and repeated her formula that if I had business at the office I had better call in the morning.

I passed a restless night. What little sleep I had was marred by disturbing dreams. By nine o'clock I was at Mr. Romer's office, and as soon as that gentleman had satisfied himself as to my identity, he handed me a letter. The delivery of this, he remarked, was all the business he was commissioned to transact with me. I broke open the envelope at once, and found that it contained several enclosures. I began with one, a letter addressed to me in full, and read as follows:

"My dear Mr. Costello—I don't know whether you are a student in epistolary literature; but if you are, I am sure you will admit that two correspondents never stood in stranger relation to each other than we do. When we last parted I scarcely hoped ever to address a letter to you again; but the conditions of that interview were some what painful, so I will have done with it at once, and pass on to the matter I want to lay before you.

"I was a little surprised when I recognized you in court, and I appreciated most thoroughly your kindness and delicacy in not volunteering to furnish the jury with any particulars as to our past dealings. You had tasted my hospitality, and you declined to appear as a witness against me. I appreciate your good feeling, Mr. Costello. I do indeed.

"You are aware that I and my friend and late medical attendant are now provided for by the state for a period of years, a period which will see me, I trust, transported to another sphere, far removed from the turmoil of this world. You may, therefore, dismiss from your mind with what charity you will, but remember that self-preservation is the first law of nature. In another and more perfect society allowance may find its due place. At present it is rather at a discount.

"It is on behalf of the girl, who has ever been as a daughter to me, that I plead your consideration. She is young, helpless and absolutely ignorant of the world, and, we believe, never may be. I am not brute enough to let her face the perils which must beset her, unaided, without making one effort to help her. She is, however, no daughter of mine. She was born at H——, in Sussex, and there she lived with her parents till they both died suddenly when she was three years old. Her mother was a distant cousin of mine, and on her deathbed had desired that I would see after the child's welfare. I committed her to the care of some good people in Croydon, named Cullum, as I was about to start on my commercial pursuits in London; and when she left them I took her to live with me, and never let her know that she was not my own daughter.

"There is a sum of money deposited in her name at the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, and this you can use in furthering her interest and giving her a start in life. I have full confidence in your integrity after what has passed between us. She is living at No.——, N—— street, Liverpool.

"I enclose with this the address of the people with whom she lived in Croydon, and copies of her birth and baptismal certificate."

* * * *

Deepand weighty as were the issues dealt with in this strange letter, I could not repress a smile at the imperturbable impudence and sang frid of the writer. I soon forgot this, however, and all other considerations, in view of the one supreme fact which the letter disclosed, that Nathalie was not, as she deemed herself, child of the convicted felon, and that I might go to her triumphant with this good news in my mouth, and banish for good and all the chimeras which haunted her and thrust its hateful, estranging shadow between us.

I went with all speed to Nathalie's lodgings.

"A young lady, Miss Lucas, is lodging here," I said to the landlady who opened the door.

"Yes, sir, a young lady with that name on her box were here yesterday: but she went away soon after seven this morning."

"Gone?—and did she go to the railway, or the steamboat, or where?" I cried, "and did she leave no address?"

"No, sir, she went away, and just had a man with a hand-truck to take her box. I never even noticed which direction she took."

This last disappointment was a cruel blow. The old story, a few hours too late. Here I was, standing dazed and stunned, with the talisman in my hand which was to have worked my weal in a moment, now futile as the scraps of waste paper which the winter wind was chasing along the ugly street, two lives wrecked and destined to bear their burdens in solitary pain. I turned away from the door crushed and hopeless, recking nothing which way I should turn my steps. I made my way, quite purposelessly, down to the docks, and as I went along I began to speculate as to the motive which could have driven Nathalie to this strange and sudden flight. Could it be that she really loved me with the whole strength of her nature, and shrunk from the thought that, should we meet again, her love would overpower what she held to be her duty, and lead her to do me the fancied evil she had spoken of last night? It seemed to me no other. But the motive now mattered little to me. If it were as I suspected, my loss was all the more cruel.

On turning a corner my eye fell upon a shipping placard, and on it I read the words, "Black Swan, Liverpool to New York, December 3rd: and under it, "Black Eagle, Liverpool to New York, January 5th." In a moment I recalled my interview with the shipping agent, and my inquiries as to the Black Swan. Now he had told me that berths taken on the first-named vessel would be available by any subsequent steamer, and the day of sailing, January 5th, this very day. Could it be possible that Nathalie had resolved to put the wide Atlantic between herself and the land of her sad associations? I flew rather than ran along the wharves till I came to the one where the ship I was seeking was moored. The chains were still clanking and rattling, and the decks of the steamer were alive with sailors and dock laborers. The volumes of black smoke surging up from her funnels told me the hour of her departure was approaching. I went on board, and in the hurry and bustle which prevailed was allowed to pass wherever I liked. I asked a steward whether any passengers had yet come on board, and received a hurried answer that he believed some of them had; but he hadn't had time to look after them yet.

I made my way down into the saloon, which was in semi-darkness, a long, narrow strip of space; but at the end, quite at the stern of the ship, some ports were open, and I could see the figure of a woman sitting at a table apparently writing. Her back was towards me, and amid the noise and tumult on the deck above I was able to steal up to her unobserved. What I was within a few yards of her she slightly turned her head, and a thrill of joy shot through me as I recognized the face of the woman I loved.

The next moment I was beside her. A few passionate, incoherent words were all that I had necessary to clear away the hateful barrier which had stood between us. As she nestled to my side unresistingly I asked her:

"Nathalie, dear, what is the letter you were writing?"

"I was writing a farewell to you. Shall I read you what I have written?"

"No need for that now," and I took the letter and tore it in shreds and cast it into the turgid flood below.

"See, love, it is floating away from us, and let it take with it all memories of the gloomy past. To-day our new life begins."

A Joke on Cabby.

Did you ever try to pay on a cabman that old joke of "the lost sovereign"? It's lots of fun. A friend of mine tried it last summer in London and succeeded, too, in spite of the rather chestnutty flavor of this practical joke. He took a "growler" (four-wheel cab) after midnight at Piccadilly circus, to go to his lodgings near Bayswater. Remembering the staleness of the "lost sovereign" dodge, he thought it would hardly "go down" with a bright and cunning London cabby, but resolved to try it for the fun of it. Just as he came in front of a public house a few doors from his home the "fare" stuck his head out of the cab window, and ordered the driver to halt. "I say, cabby, I've dropped a sov in the straw on the bottom of the coach! just pull up at that 'pub' till I run in and get a match, so that I can find the coin."

"All right, sir," said the cabby, and pulled up opposite the door of the tavern.

My friend alighted, and had taken scarcely three steps in the direction of the "pub," when lo! Mr. Cabby whipped up his horses and flew away into the dark night, carrying with him (as he supposed) that sovereign snugly concealed in the straw.—*Kansas City Times.*

What Idiots Women Are.

A sturdy peasant from the Tyrol was standing at a shop window in Vienna, looking at a reproduction of the fine group by Herr Rauch, The Three Graces. The peasant did not seem insensible to the perfection of form, but after a while he burst forth:

"What idiots women are all over the world. Only to think that we have not got money enough to buy themselves a suit of clothes, yet they spend the little money they do possess in having their photographs taken."

A Friend in Need.

"My dear fellow, delighted to meet you. Just the very man I wanted to see. I wish you would kindly lend me twenty dollars. I unfortunately left my money at home and I haven't a cent on me."

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but I haven't the money about me just now. I can fix it though so that you can get it almost immediately."

"Ten thousand thanks, dear boy."

"Here's ten cents. Take the street car and go home and get your money."

A Pointer for Young Married Men.

"Named your baby yet?" asked a friend of Pigeonfeather.

"Yes; named her last night. Going to call her Cyclonia."

"Queer name. Where did you come across it?"

"Yes, it is queer, but it's appropriate. She howls all night."

Fame.

Westerner—Whar you from, stranger?
Youth—Boston.
Westerner (musing)—Boston, Boston? Strange, I can't jest place the town now. Oh yes! That's where Sullivan lives, ain't it?—*Memphis Sunday Times.*

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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A Lesson in Toleration.

As far as the personalities of the campaign are concerned it is as well when the election is over to drop the subject and give good nature an opportunity to heal the little wounds that every contest is sure to cause. But it is sometimes wise to review the causes which led up to a result and learn the lessons which experience should teach.

The primary lesson taught by the campaign just closed is that intolerance will always be resented by an intelligent community. The sweeping charges against the purity and honesty of intention of a large section of the community excited anger and met, as they merited, a crushing rebuke. This is not the only phase of the popular love of a tolerant spirit shown during the contest. Ald. Defoe, a popular and honorable man, and a well-known Roman Catholic, was a candidate, but he made no appeal to his co-religionists, who were in no wise influenced in their voting by clerical authority of any kind. He polled a small vote in comparison with the other candidates, but it was thoroughly understood that he did not expect election. Two thousand ballots cast for him show how many personal friends he must have who were willing, in the popular sense, to throw away their vote in order to mark their approbation of his candidature. There is no doubt that half of these votes were given by his Protestant fellow citizens without any thought of the religious sect to which he belongs. It is well known that there are be tween four and five thousand Catholic votes in the city of Toronto. These were largely cast for Mr. Clarke, who is as well-known an Orangeman as there is in the province, and the editor of an Orange newspaper. This wonderfully tolerant spirit should do much to close over the chasm that too often yawns between the two sections of the community.

While people are ordinarily disposed to refer to the Romish church on the one hand and the Orange society on the other as examples of intolerance, we find both of them showing a most liberal spirit and forgetting all those things in their desire to see the man best fitted for the place elected Mayor. It was a pleasant thing to see and should suggest to some of the clerical gentlemen who failed to show the same liberal and benevolent spirit how they have [illegible] their influence and caused disrespectful criticism of [illegible] their churches and doctrines by incautious displays of bitterness and vituperation.

The great truths of religion [illegible], the incalculable benefits of its teach[illegible] [illegible]ngs and practice are so [illegible] any endangering of their dignity [illegible]xistence by the using of them for trifling or ignoble ends should alarm every true Christian. The salvation of souls—for which the Message was sent—and not the election of Mayors and petty dignitaries, must be regarded always; and those who thoughtlessly, or for ambition's sake, forget this simple but all-important truth are not worthy to be entrusted with the ministry of the Gospel.

Habits of Umbrellas.

Did you notice that in New York the other day a man was sentenced to five years in the State's prison for forcibly taking another man's umbrella away from him? All the funny men and alleged funny men of the daily press have been perpetrating their little jokes about this particular case, unmindful of the fact that millions of umbrellas have disappeared and left no trace behind, and that all that the law has been able to do has been to send one poor fellow to State's prison. It looks as if he had been made the scapegoat for all the rest of us, that is, for all the rest of those who have at divers times and places unconsciously carried off the wrong umbrella. No well-trained dog will follow anybody but his master. He recognizes him and is faithful to him. But an umbrella, twelve-ribbed and of the finest silk, will get up and chase around after a perfect stranger in the most reprehensible fashion. No matter how long a man may own an umbrella, or how kindly he may have treated it, the chances are that at the very first opportunity that presents itself it will forget all his kindness and elope with some covetous party in the most ungrateful way. Even in those rare instances in which an umbrella has found its way back to the parental roof it has come with its character wrecked and its system hopelessly deranged, the result, probably, of a broken rib received in some unfortunate fracas.

Bishops may preach about the wickedness of young girls who "flirt their petticoats" and "talk boisterously in public places," but the vice of the age is the faithlessness of the umbrella and its proneness to run after strange gods. Scientifically-disposed people, who have devoted some attention to the habits of the umbrella, remark on the extraordinary facility with which it can betake itself from one hiding-place to another. Umbrellas, whose owners were perfectly certain that they took them to the office the day before yesterday, have a strange habit of turning up at the house, or, if they have been left at the house, they are certain to be at the office when sought for, a peculiarity especially noticeable if the search is made during a rainstorm. Many umbrellas, left by their owners years ago peacefully reposing in the hat-rack with meek-looking parasols and inoffensive walking-canes, have so developed this habit of disappearing that to this day their whereabouts is a mystery. Old Jacob Hanway was the first man to put up an umbrella in an English-speaking country. When he walked through the streets of London with his queer-looking roof over his head the small boy hooted at him, and tried to make him unhappy; but Jacob was firm and stood by his umbrella. Things have undergone a great transformation since Jacob's day, so deeply into the confidence of mankind has the umbrella worked its way.

Some umbrellas, like some men, stand out like sentinels of the ages. Sairey Gamp's umbrella has passed into history, and no family man can look back upon the green and gosling days of his courtship without recalling many a happy half hour spent with a loved one on the way home under the sheltering wing of a listless umbrella, which had no earthly interest in the conversation and seemed to be content to amuse itself insinuating an occasional drop of rain between one's neck and one's shirt collar. As for the man in New York who has been sentenced to five years imprisonment in a place where umbrellas will be altogether superfluous, it looks as if he had got more than his due. The life of an umbrella is less than five years, and to send a man to prison for that length of time for appropriating another's umbrella seems rather hard. How many men can put their hands on their hearts and honestly declare that at no time in their life did they ever covet their neighbor's umbrella? We are all human and liable to be carried away by our feelings. So are umbrellas. Besides, it has been looked upon as an unwritten law that if an umbrella persists in following you home and forcing itself into your hat-rack you are not responsible in the eye of the law. It is a question, indeed, in the minds of some of our leading jurists, if an action would not lie against it for trespass.

The Police Patrol System.

In all communities police protection has been found, and probably always will be found, more or less necessary. It is natural that in the large centres of civilization where wealth gravitates and grows, those members of society who live by preying on their fellows will congregate; and the continual presence of trusty men is necessary to ensure society of safety. It is a condition of all life that the good and bad must mingle, and in the crowded cities it cannot be but that both sections will be proportionately great.

Various means have from time to time been adopted to protect peaceable members of the community. One of the best schemes introduced to this end has been the police patrol system, which consists of a series of boxes, stationed at convenient intervals and connected with common quarters by means of electric wires, by which a policeman can summon assistance when the odds against him are too great.

This system has recently been introduced in Toronto, presumably with the intent of giving the citizens better protection than they have heretofore enjoyed, at a proportionately less expenditure. This is a very praiseworthy undertaking, and had it been properly carried out, no one would have had for it anything but words of praise. But there has been the most stupid bungling and incompetency shown in the arrangement of the boxes. In numerous instances they have been placed in crowd[illegible] thoroughfares and within [illegible] a stone's throw of the different police stations, where policemen are plentiful and where assistance can be obtained in a moment. In the outskirts of the city, where police protection is sorely needed, they are widely apart and practically afford little more security than was enjoyed before. Police patrol should be for the benefit of the city and citizens, not a mere means to make easier the work of some idle policeman, and unless there is an immediate redistribution of the boxes, the people will have serious cause for complaint. But SATURDAY NIGHT hopes the commissioners will repair the unaccountable stupidity shown by some one, without further delay.

Separate School Trustees.

On Wednesday the election of trustees to the Catholic Separate Schools was held, and it was remarkable for nothing except that it is the only public election in this city not now held by ballot. True, it is but a short time since the public school elections were by open voting and on a day separate from other municipal contests, but our Catholic friends in still retaining it after its abolition by others have made a mistake, and have left themselves open to the suspicion of being reactionary in other educational matters. Sometimes a little thing of this sort may mislead the general public into believing such a course shows a reactionary spirit in everything, and that the church itself is endeavoring to resist the progress of education. This not being the case, it would seem to the kindly disposed critic a mistake to retain an old-fashioned, cumbrous and imperfect method, which has no advantage in itself, but has the great disadvantage, already pointed out, of leading people to suspect that the church, resisting a necessary change, is resisting progress of every kind.

Good Resolutions.

There is a time-honored custom for the New Year—the making and breaking of good resolutions. It is not a particularly difficult thing to do, and it has no particular effect. It is merely kept up as a fleeting evidence that once in a while the average human being lets a streak of goodness filter through on his or her pet vice. But the filter gets clogged very quickly, and the machine runs along again in the same old and reliable way.

A week ago to-day it is probable that 90 per cent. of the people of this big country tumbled into their various and respective couches thoroughly imbued with the idea that the morrow's sun would see them freed from many of the petty sins and weaknesses which they had managed to contract in their journey through life. Possibly the morrow's sun did see them that way, but if he did he winked solemnly with a crapulous eye and smiled a sardonic smile, born of a long acquaintance with the pie-crusty nature of the ordinary resolution. Observant ever, he probably noticed, ere he sauntered westward, that fully half the resolvers had flung their resolutions to the wandering winds of heaven, and, in the immediate subsequent, he saw the more determined ones cave in.

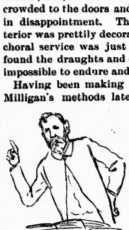
He saw the drinker drink, the smoker smoke, the swearer swear, the brand new diary's spotless pages left free of the pencil's caress, and the flirter flirt as of yore; and he said to himself, as he has said on many previous occasions, "The flesh indeed is weak."

The ordinary New Year's resolution is as worthless a thing as scrip in a Manitoba gold mine, or the opinion of a party paper. The man of consistent purpose has no need to make New Year's resolves. When he finds that his habits are having a disastrous effect on his character, he breaks the habits off. He does not wait for the New Year to do it; he does it now. There is no time like the present for turning over a new leaf. The man who waits till the year's end to break loose from bad habits or bad companions, only betrays his own weakness. He is afraid of his own strength of purpose, and his good resolutions have no more weight than the idle, wind-blown feather.

Rev. G. M. Milligan.

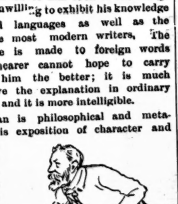
Last Sunday night I went to All Saints' church, and, at ten minutes to seven, found it crowded to the doors and people turning away in disappointment. The plain but tasty interior was prettily decorated, and the splendid choral service was just being begun, when I found the draughts and crowding by the doors impossible to endure and was forced to leave.

Having been making a few studies of Mr. Milligan's methods lately, and having some sketches made by one of our artists who attends there, I hurried over to Old St. Andrew's, and arrived in quite a heat, for I hate to enter a church after the service has begun, and think if I were a preacher I would rather people staid away than come dawdling in when the congregation is disturbed by every arrival.



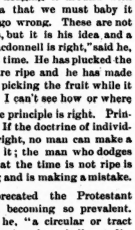
The church was not crowded, but the audience struck me as being unusually attentive and appreciative; the large number of bright-looking young men indicating that the pastor has succeeded in gaining and holding an influence over the eager minds of those of his congregation who are now forming the opinions which will largely control their later years. Mr. Milligan seems to realize his responsibility in this matter, and directs considerable of his energies to the teaching of young men. For this task he is particularly well suited, having a didactic inclination and a faculty of imparting knowledge in a forceful and interesting way. This teaching spirit, I should judge, sometimes leads him into rather pedantic exposition, and leaves him open to the charge of not being unwilling to exhibit his knowledge of the dead languages as well as the ideas of the most modern writers. The less reference is made to foreign words which the hearer cannot hope to carry away with him the better; it is much easier to give the explanation in ordinary Anglo-Saxon, and it is more intelligible.

Mr. Milligan is philosophical and metaphysical. His exposition of character and motive is most excellent. On Sunday night he was in the midst of a series of lectures on biblical characters, and was dealing with Joseph. I have seldom seen or heard a more perfect character study, and withal it was completed without waste of time or any lugging in of extraneous effects. The speaker told of the effect of heredity on character, and described the aggressiveness of Abraham, the gentle faith of Isaac, and the ambition and steadfastness of Jacob, showing how these traits were united in Joseph. It was a particularly clever description, in which he pointed out the necessity that Joseph should leave home when he did, before the enervating influence of his father's favoritism on one hand, and the fear of his jealous brethren on the other, had spoiled him and made him unfit for the great work God had appointed for him. Many lads in the congregation could learn a good lesson from the pastor's plain and simple truthfulness. It is in these things that Mr. Milligan is strongest, and I know he will pardon me for having pointed out that anything savoring of pedantry mars the effect of the homely teaching which touches the heart and is supported by very individual experience.



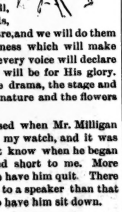
Dealing with the conduct of Joseph in Egypt, how he conformed to the dress, manners, and to a certain extent, religion of the country, Mr. Milligan scored some splendid points. Joseph undoubtedly was of eminent service to Egypt as well as to his own people, but would he have had the power for good had he refused to depart from the dress, language, manners and formulæ of his own people? Had he, when he found himself in Egypt, tried to show how thorough a Hebrew he was by adhering to everything he had been accustomed to he would never have risen to eminence and would have lacked power to be of use to anyone. As it was he, in the words of the text, worshipped in spirit and in truth, disregarding forms but always remaining a Hebrew at heart, and at last asking that his bones should be laid with his forefathers.

Virtuous people, remarked the preacher, are not prudes. When a man is sickly he has to be careful of his clothing, and when a person is religiously infirm he begins to haggle about forms and be anxious concerning how he'll appear to other people. The true religion that worships in spirit and truth is thoroughly catholic and cares nothing for forms. Religion is an everyday thing—an outdoor thing—which people must carry with them or leave it entirely. Joseph never forgot it and when he was conforming most to Egypt's customs he was doing most good for mankind and for his own people.



Joseph was modest, moral, generous, methodical and self-possessed—a wonderful model for young men who have their future before them. He could take care of himself: when tempted he did not fall or play the weak-brother-act. Mr. Milligan pointed out his belief that self-control was one of the foundation stones of character which could not be left out. He was not in sympathy with those critics who were hauling a brother preacher over the coals for teaching that a man to have any real goodness must have the chance to choose evil. We cannot build up any worthy character by hedging it around with the weak-brother-idea that we must baby it to heaven or it will go wrong. These are not Mr. Milligan's words, but it is his idea and a good one, too. "Mr. Macdonnell is right," said he, "only he is before his time. He has plucked the apples before they are ripe and he has made the great mistake of picking the fruit while it is in the acid state." I can't see how or where the mistake was if the principle is right. Principles never change. If the doctrine of individual responsibility is right, no man can make a mistake in teaching it; the man who dodges behind the excuse that the time is not ripe is the one who is wrong and is making a mistake.

Mr. Milligan deprecated the Protestant asceticism which is becoming so prevalent. "I have had," said he, "a circular or tract sent to me for distribution, but shall not distribute it, because I do not think it right." He explained that it denounced card-playing, dancing, theater-going and almost everything. He did not believe in such methods; nor in the addition of positive commandments to the law such as "Thou shalt not play cards. Thou shalt not dance," etc. His idea was to fill, as far as possible, the young people who listened to him with a desire to be good and to do good. If they were filled with a knowledge of good and a desire for a good life they would not choose evil. If they were not stirred by good impulses the bad ones would come in spite of denunciatory methods. Love and a high ideal he considered the best safe-guards against evil. "In the millenium," said he, "we will, likely enough, play cards, dance and go to the theatre, and we will do them all in the spirit of goodness which will make them harmless." Then every voice will declare for God, and everything will be for His glory. Why not music and the drama, the stage and the platform, as well as nature and the flowers and streams?

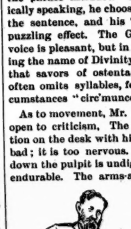


I confess I was surprised when Mr. Milligan sat down. I looked at my watch, and it was half-past eight. I don't know when he began to speak, but it seemed short to me. More than this, I was sorry to have him quit. There is no better compliment to a speaker than that you were not anxious to have him sit down.

Mr. Milligan has several elocutionary defects. He should not, when reading the Scriptures, assume such a doleful tone when repeating the words of the Master. It is impossible to conceive of Christ that when He spoke to the woman of Samaria, as recited in the chapter read, He assumed any such woe-begone tone as that affected by Mr. Milligan, whose idea of reverential elocution is badly mixed with that of dejection and lugubriousness.

Again, his inflection of words is exceedingly inartistic. Instead of inflecting his words, he does what is known in dramatic circles as "bearing down," *i.e.*, he leans on a word instead of inflecting it. His voice is monotonous, and when he approaches a word he desires to make prominent he simply takes that as the chief word in the sentence, and dwells on it without regard to any other meaning that the phrase includes. In many cases, rhetorically speaking, he chooses the wrong word of the sentence, and his "bearing down" has a puzzling effect. The Gaelic inflection of his voice is pleasant, but in emphasis, as in speaking the name of Divinity, it grows into a drawl that savors of ostentation. In his haste he often omits syllables, for instance, calling circumstances "circ'munces."

As to movement, Mr. Milligan is still more open to criticism. The picking, rat-a-tat motion on the desk with his fingers is invariably bad; it is too nervous. The running up and down the pulpit is undignified and almost unendurable. The arms-akimbo attitude is the first position for "The Irish washer-woman's Quickstep." The hand-in-the-pocket position is no better, and the leaning to one side—"wot-d'ye soy"—posture is essentially out of its element in a church. In the way in which brother Milligan climbs and jumps around the pulpit, there is a suggestion of the speaker-trying-to-lash-himself-into-a-fury, that is weakening. Reserve power is what tells. A man may speak almost with the tongue of angels, and if his audience suspects him of having emptied himself, as it were, he will not prevail.



The preacher who seems to be holding himself back always excites expectation and interest, but the one who seems to be trying to kick himself into a fury weakens his own words. One thing I must say in justice to him, his attitudes must be spontaneous, for no elocutionist would teach them, and no one who knows what they look like, would adopt them.

Mr. Milligan is scholarly, and has a perception of motive and character which gives him an exceedingly high place in Toronto's pulpit scale, but he must remember that he must adapt this continual scrutiny of character to everyday people as well as to scriptural and historical personages, in order to deal justly with those who disagree with him, or in the applications of his truths he will fail.

One can be "canny" with an audience and occasionally take a daring flight, but it is steadfastness and thorough knowledge of the human heart of to-day, that tells. I would judge that Mr. Milligan is somewhat impulsive. If I were to define him it would be as an impulsively discreet and a discreetly impulsive speaker.

DON.

Mr. Corlett's Band.

In reference to the paragraphs in this paper concerning the tempo of certain dance music I am in receipt of the following communication from the band's leader:

It has impressed me, and others with whom I have spoken, that the usual abrupt conclusion to a valse, without warning of any kind, when played for dancing was anything but pleasing to a musical ear, and was frequently a source of disappointment to those dancers who, after a short rest, were about to resume, but found themselves denied the pleasure by the cessation of the music. It was to overcome these unpleasantnesses that we adopted the custom of making a decided rallentando in the last sixteen bars of the valse thereby notifying those present that the dance was about to cease, and also making a better finish from a musical standpoint. From the remarks of your contributor and of others that I have heard, I conclude that our innovation is not meeting with the approbation that was expected, and therefore have decided to discontinue it and return to the old style of mechanical regularity from beginning to end of the dance. I trust that in the future your contributor will find the tempo entirely to his satisfaction, and in the meantime I beg him to accept my thanks for his timely warning. In the musical profession tempo for dance music is the vexed question of the hour, and in most musical magazines the endless discussion What is the Proper Tempo? still goes on and with, apparently, the final decision as far off as ever. And so I presume it necessarily must be while human nature remains a compound of many elements. *Find* that week gets off a good thing—It's the poorest dancer that kicks at the music. E. CORLETT, of Corlett & Scott's quadrille band, late Seagrer's.

Railroad Talk.

A. J. Taylor, traveling passenger agent C. M. & St. P. Railway, has removed his office to No. 4 Palmer House Block.

Wm. Robinson, Michigan & South Western passenger agent G. T. R., Detroit, is registered at the Queen's. He came through with the National Opera Co. by special train over the G. W. Div. of the G. T. R.

The National Opera Co. is one of the largest organizations that have ever traveled over any railroad. It has eighteen baggage cars and seven coaches to transfer 300 passengers, scenery, etc., between the principal cities. The passenger special left Detroit at 4 a.m. Monday, and made a very rapid run, arriving at Toronto at 10.30 a.m. The management express themselves pleased with the accommodation and train service given by the Grand Trunk, and which was carried out and superintended personally by Mr. Wm. Robinson. They left for Montreal after the performance on Wednesday night, and thence to Boston.

Edson J. Weeks, general northern passenger agent New York Central Railway, Buffalo, and Mr. Randolph, his traveling agent, were in the city Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

The report of Mr. Ira P. Griswold's retirement from the Canadian agency of the Union Pacific, which he has so long held, is premature. He stated while in the city this week that it was news to him.

P. J. Slattery, city passenger agent G. T. R., is expected back to the city next Tuesday, after an absence of two months in Europe.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have issued this notice: Mr. E. Tiffin having resigned, Mr. J. N. Sutherland is hereby appointed general freight agent for the Ontario division of this company.

Amateur Theatricals.

One of the social events of last week was the entertainment and dance given at the residence of Mr. T. Shea. The comedy, Kind to a Fault, was performed in excellent style with the following cast:

Mr. Drewitt (a prosperous solicitor)....Mr. Arthur Holmes.
Mr. Alderman Hluck.....Mr. Henry Kormann.
Mr. Goldworthy (kind to a fault)....Mr. Jno. McDermott.
Arthur Hontlee.....Mr. Edward Robins.
Jobson (a railway detective).....Mr. Charles Roesler.
Parker (Drewitt's servant).....Mr. Frank Kormann.
Mrs. Drewitt.....Miss T. Kormann.
Jessie (Hluck's daughter).....Miss Bell Pixley.
Jenny (Mrs. Drewitt's maid, in love with Parker).....Miss Dux O'Brien
Mrs. Cumbedy (landlady of Doddsworth's rooms in Piccadilly).....Miss Josie Kormann.

The pretty little comedy was put on the boards in a manner that would do credit to professionals. The stage was a marvel of beauty, and its arrangements are rarely equalled at private theatricals. The guests, who numbered about one hundred, formed themselves into a dancing party after the theatricals, and a most enjoyable time was spent until after three o'clock.

A pleasant meeting of the Swiss Club took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Charles Brown, 42 Isabella street. Besides the members of the club there were present Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Miss Littlejohn, Miss Jacobi, Miss Fletcher, the Misses Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, Miss McKinnon, Major and Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Morphy, the Messrs. Morphy, Messrs. R. G. and J. B. Brayley, McClurg, Black, Webb, Donaldson, Smith, Fletcher and King.

The choir of the Queen street Methodist church presented the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Baxter, with a beautifully chased silver bowl, saucer and spoon, enclosed in a handsome Morocco case, as a New Year's gift.

Here and There.

Every once in a while a large and intelligent section of the great Press of this continent gets up and howls and crows and laughs long and loud and otherwise jubilates, while another section goes off into a dark corner, where it wraps itself up in sackcloth and ashes and weeps and tears its hair. This is done with great and consistent unanimity, after every election, but soon the sat-on section of the great Press goes on in its triumphant course again, and its Power is never monkeyed with, no matter how much it may have been knocked out by the hard and impartial Public. We know that this is so, because at every public banquet we hear and see the silver-tongued Orators of the occasion rise up in their silver-tongued night and tell us all about the Power of the Press and its Great Mission, and how it can lead the public and do other things which the indefatigable reporters, who are taking it all in, never heard of before, and, hearing now, resolve right away to strike for an increase of wages on account of their connection with such a great and glorious institution. So, no matter how public sentiment may go, the Power of the Press keeps right along in undiminished glory, and the newspapers are still the leaders of public opinion—so they say themselves, and so say the boozy banqueters, inspired, perhaps, by the hope that the morrow's paper will contain something of a eulogistic and flattering nature concerning them.

* *

How little the influence of such daily papers as we have in Toronto really counts, the recent mayoralty election shows. Here was a man bucking against the combined opposition of three morning and three evening papers, against the misrepresentation and falsehood of some of them and against the silly abuse and infantile scurrility of some callow, and immature youths, thrown by the accident of chance into positions in which they have the power to scarify Men. Papers written by children for children cannot, naturally, be expected to have any weight with the thinking public, and the infantile witticism and the juvenile scurrility with which Mr. Clarke was greeted, if anything, rather strengthened his position. We have been told that wisdom comes from the mouths of babes and sucklings and I have no desire to dispute the truth of the statement, but I think after the bloodless battle of Monday last no one will say that it comes from the mouths of journalistic sucklings. Abuse is a poor weapon to fight any man with, and it is a weak cause that needs bolstering by it. Calm logic and cool argument have more effect than unsupported assertions and Smart Aleck spite.

* *

But there is no earthly reason why the papers of America should not be as pronounced leaders of public thought and public sentiment as are the great English papers. The trouble with American papers has always been the display of "enterprise," so-called, and of which they proudly boast. They run so to sensationalism that thinking people become disgusted. On the slightest pretext they will ruin a man's business, reputation and character; they break into the privacy of his home, and flaunt the saddest and most sacred family secrets before the world. This may be enterprise, but it is the kind of enterprise I do not like. It is cruel and unjust. It is mean and uncharitable. It is contemptible and unworthy of the men who are devoting their lives to the making of newspapers. It may make "good reading," it may raise the paper's circulation, it may make the reporter a king amongst his fellows—it may do all this and more, but it leaves behind it many bleeding hearts, and makes the sadness and sorrow of life harder to bear. There are plenty of ways of showing enterprise without lifting the curtain of the stricken home, and without exposing a secrecy that should be as sacred as the grave. The best of us may have done this at times, thoughtlessly, or because of the spur that sharp rivalry and competition goads the average newspaper writer with, but no man who has been through the mill can ever be induced to do it again, if he has any regard for his self-respect or the respect of his fellows.

* *

This element has been developed in American and Canadian journalism mainly through the efforts of reporters to "scoop" their fellows. The race for news, the unending exertion, the continued straining of every nerve to do some stroke of enterprise to put him above his brethren—all this has made the average reporter callous and careless. He takes no heed of the suffering and misery he may cause, so that he may get a beat for his paper. There is no privacy in the home circle for him, no spot too sacred for his pencil point to pierce. In England they do not subjugate news to sensationalism; they do not pry and probe about the home for scandals and sad secrets; they give their papers a healthy moral tone and try to raise not lower the standing of society and themselves. This is the rule. Of course they have journalistic scavengers there as elsewhere, but with them they are the exception.

* *

That it is possible to conduct a successful paper on decorous lines is shown by the favor with which SATURDAY NIGHT has been greeted. Papers covering a somewhat similar field have been started before, but for various reasons they have failed. In almost every instance they have been run by men unfamiliar with the newspaper business, who failed because they didn't know and had not money enough to learn. There is a big teacher called Experience who educates and turns out the newspaper men of this country and of every country. Until a man gets this training he is a Journalist and a wanderer in the flowery paths of literature; and if a man wants to wander in flowery paths he can't make newspaper work a success. Not in this country. SATURDAY NIGHT left far behind it the sensational methods of the daily papers and most of the American weeklies. It cut out in a line all its own, was and is quiet, decent, respectable and argumentative. And I venture to say that to-day there is no paper in Toronto which people so generally respect and admire and which they permit to guide their opinions to such an extent. If it had a rooster it would plant it somewhere where it could flap its wings and crow and signalize its joyfulness in a general way at things that be, but as its font of roosters has run out it can't let itself loose in the old stereotyped and time-honored way.

* *

I humbly admit that I know next to nothing of the fashions of this day, that I am not a society man, that I am not a fashion writer, and that I seldom or never contemplate or consider the beautiful in dress; but when I see the calm and ruthless way in which the society department slaughtered red gowns last week my soul waxed wroth within me, for if there is one thing in this wide, wide world that I consider quite the right kibosh it is the fashion for red frocks and cloaks. Don't tell me it is hideous. If there is anything more lovely in this world than a pretty girl, be she blonde or brunette, in a harmonizing shade of the glowing color, I know it not. Of course there are degrees of red, and equally; of course, there are reds that are pretty and reds that are uglier than a bull dog when he means business; but a pretty red dress and a pretty girl make a combination that is hard to beat. Let us love red gowns, if not for their own sakes, at any rate for the sake of the darlings that wear them.

* *

The *Grip* Company has reproduced in a neat paper covered book the Epistles o' Airlie, which have formed a feature or two in the sable garb of the astute bird for some time past. The text is illustrated with sketches by J. W. Bengough. For those who are fond of Scotch dialect humor the Epistles will prove a whole mine of mirth. They are by long odds the best sketches of the kind ever issued, by a Canadian house at any rate.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

VI.

It has been my endeavor in this series of articles to point out to advertisers where and how they can advertise cheapest and best, and to show up the true inwardness of some of the faking schemes adopted by those who make a precarious living out of the crumbs that fall from the merchant's table. This week and next I will deal with hotel advertising and the many schemes which are supported by those who supply the hotels with their necessaries. This class of advertising has grown so of late years that many hotels now rent out their advertising privileges. Many merchants are under the impression that these schemes emanate from the hotel's proprietor or manager, but such is not the case. They are generally got up by some outside scalper, assisted by the hotel clerk or porter who divides the profits with the man that does the work. And the profits in most cases are pretty considerable.

*

Let us take the ordinary hotel guide. It is generally got up by the hotel clerk who calls on those merchants who furnish the house with supplies. Thinking that he is conferring a favor on the house by advertising in the guide, the merchant does it without thinking that the advertisement so printed is and can be of no earthly use or benefit to him. Why? Because the guide books are sent to other cities to advertise the hotel, and the custom of the traveling public will never make a retail grocer five cents richer in five years; and these guide books are read by no one but travelers or strangers. Advertising in guide books in such a case is so much money thrown away. It can only be of benefit to the railroads, steamboat and insurance companies and concerns of that sort.

*

Another hotel scheme is the advertising clock racket. This consists of a clock, around which advertisements are painted, or in which an automatic arrangement causes a series of advertisements to be momentarily displayed through a glass plate. This is a favorite fake scheme. The fakir goes to the hotel proprietor, obtains permission to hang up a clock and secures a cunningly worded letter, written on hotel paper, setting forth that Mr. Fakir has the house's permission to collect advertisements for the clock. Reading this letter, the advertiser imagines that he is benefiting the hotel, when he isn't. The only interest the hotel people have in the transaction is the desire to get all the furnishings and adornments they can at the least possible cost. But does the advertiser for one moment imagine that an advertisement in or around a clock will be of benefit to him? Does he fancy that any man or woman will run into a hotel to look at a clock when a pair of boots or a pound of tea is required? Such a fancy is little short of the nonsensical. There is no benefit to be derived from the clock scheme for the average advertiser, and bear in mind that it is to and of him that I have all along spoken.

*

This same plan is pursued with regard to another familiar fake—that of the musical album. In precisely the same way does the fakir obtain permission to leave his album in the hotel. He tells the clerk about it and from that worthy gets a list of those tradespeople with whom the hotel men deal. The clerk gives him this and he gives the clerk a percentage. He makes out his contracts, accounts and receipts on the hotel letter paper and in every respect does all that lies within his power to impress upon the advertisers the fact that the hotel people are deeply and directly interested in the scheme. The album makes a handsome ornament for the hotel piano, and occasionally it is opened by some musically inclined traveler, a member of some cheap opera company or other flitting and equally unremunerative guest. Those regular boarders, however, who care for music and whose patronage would be of value to the advertiser, generally have pianos in their own rooms and use their own music. I will handle some other hotel schemes next week.

THE ADVERTISER.

The Drama.

THE ordinary, every-day stage kiss is a poor, weak, worthless thing, a fraud and a delusion, a hollow mockery and a sell. It is brought about in the old, orthodox way—

"Charles!"
"Clara!"
"My dolling!"
"Oh, my love!"

Then they float madly across the stage and clasp each other in a firm and fervid embrace. But their sweet lips don't mingle. She leaves a patch of face powder on the rear of his coat, while he sticks his chin over her shoulder and makes a dainty labial deposit on the heated atmosphere of the gas-lit auditorium. He has a desire to scratch his left ear, which her back hair is tickling wildly, but he thinks a bluff of that sort would break up the harmony of the affecting scene, and so he lingers on until the chain breaks and they part. Incidentally there is a sound of smacking and yum-yums from the more youthful members of the audience, who generally go into paroxysms of delight when the lovers wind themselves around one another and print sweet caresses on the air.

*

If there is one thing more than another that I like about Mrs. McKee Rankin, it is her decided departure from this time-honored orthodox method of stage kissing. She kisses with rapture and joy, divinely, ecstatically, slowly, and, I should judge, perfectly; and, what's more, she really, positively and actually kisses, and makes no horrible and ghastly attempt to deceive her auditors into the idea that she is doing it when she isn't. Mrs. Rankin's lips are ripe, ruddy and large, and so, too, is Mrs. Rankin, though that is neither here nor there. She goes into the kissing business with great deliberation. During the course of The Golden Giant she finds it necessary to kiss pretty nearly everybody in the play, excepthe villains, and she does it scientifically and systematically. She glides towards the kissee with the serpentine undulating grace of a baby elephant; she winds her plump and pretty arms about the kissee's neck, plants her lips squarely and firmly on his and keeps them there for a brief but ecstatic period. Then she tears herself loose lingeringly, casts a tender look on him, hesitates for a moment as if about to repeat the blissful operation, then slowly, and it seems to me regretfully, turns away. There is a feeling of audible relief when the operation is over. The audience sinks back in its various seats and a long-drawn, half-sorrowful "Ah!" goes up unconsciously.

*

I must admit that I like the innovation. It is intense and realistic, and intensity and realism is what we are looking for on the stage just now. In ordinary life, I fancy, when people kiss they generally do it with their lips. I have small sympathy for the kiss of platonic affection where the objective point is the brow or cheek. It seems to me as unsatisfactory as a dish of ice-cream would be to a man who had eaten nothing for a week. Much less do I like the orthodox stage kiss. You can't idealize on it; you can't indulge in any rapture or work up any blissful feeling over a kiss planted on the hot-house atmosphere of the ordinary theater. If anything it strikes your sense of the ludicrous and you feel strongly tempted to laugh long and loudly.

*

The Golden Giant is written by Clay Greene. Mr. Greene is the gentleman who came through Canada some years ago with a company, the name of which I disremember, which collapsed after a brief struggle with rapacious landlords and managers. After the collapse Mr. Greene wrote a panoramic drama containing scenes and incidents of the North-West rebellion and a fur-capped hero supposed to be the late lamented Mr. Riel. Mr. Greene's play fell on the community with a dull and sickening thud, and the author very quickly discovered that it contained no popular elements. So it was shelved. Since then I have heard nothing of Mr. Greene until he turned up as the author of The Golden Giant.

*

The Golden Giant is a strong and well-told drama. It is not very original as to incident, perhaps, and it contains much that might better be omitted, but it is interesting, exciting and on the whole cleverly written. With a little careful pruning it could be greatly improved, but with all its crudities and incongruities it holds the attention from the curtain's rise until its final fall. And it is well-acted also. Mrs. Rankin is the bright particular star of the company. In her emotional scenes, when she drops Mrs. Rankin and gives us the mournful face and pitiful heart-throbs which she made familiar as Billy Piper in The Danites, she is decidedly strong, but when she tries for comedy effects her weakness is painfully apparent. To my mind the best acting in the whole play is done by Russell Bassett in his delirium tremens scene in the last act. Right there he redeems himself for his indifferent acting before it. I have no desire to say that which will hurt the feelings of Mr. Ah Wung Sing, the Japanese gentleman who personates the Chinaman, but I don't think his ability shows to the best advantage on the stage. He means well but he don't know. Mr. Ralph Delmore's Alexander Fairfax is bluff and vigorous—at times a trifle too much so. A tendency to rant in his strong scenes has always been Mr. Delmore's failing, but in his Fairfax, there is very little to find fault with. The Max Wayne of Mr. Charles J. Greene, who, by the way, is a Toronto boy and a son of the governor of the jail, is a decidedly indifferent creation, and so is Mr. Kidder's Duncan Lemoyne. Mr. W. S. Harkins as Jack Mason betrays some ability, but is too stiff and stilted. He impresses me as not being heavy enough for the part. Miss Bigelow's Ethel Gray is careful, conscientious and clever. She has emotional powers of a high order, helped out by a pleasant voice and a mobile countenance, on which the passions play at her own sweet will.

*

Beacon Lights, a new play will be at the Toronto Opera House all next week. The New York *Dramatic News* says it has made a remarkably fine impression, interpreted as it is by a company of strong merit. It came unhearded, and certainly unknown, but it leaves with thousands of friends, because thousands have seen and enjoyed it during the nine presentations. The theme of the play is not new, but the plot is interestingly worked out, and the incidental accompaniments make up a series of melodramic pictures, which will be sure to catch the people. It was gorgeously and profusely mounted, and, with a good company, such as this, will be certain to make money. It is in four acts, and is crowded with life and action. Philip Gordon had a fine interpreter in Mr. George Learock, and he was warmly received upon every occasion.

STAGE GOSSIP.

According to a Philadelphia paper Irving gets 90 per cent. of the receipts for his engagement in that city. Why didn't they give him the theater, city and all, and be done with it?

Modjeska says that Mrs. James Brown Potter does not come within the range of dramatic art, therefore she does not care to criticise her; and, in return, Mrs Potter says Modjeska is no better than she ought to be. There, now, these women folk; ain't they just too awfully awful!

Rose Coghlan now owns the play, Jocelyn, which was written by her brother, Charles Coghlan, for Mrs. Langtry. Whether she intends to wear the youth's costume and fence with rapiers, the principal features of the play when Mrs. Langtry was to produce it, has not yet been announced.

Mrs. Shelley's remarkable story has been dramatized in England, and was played as a Christmas piece under the title of Frankenstein; or, The Vampire's Victim. The slumbers of "boxing night" must have been particularly refreshing after an English dinner with English plum-pudding, topped off with Frankenstein; or, The Vampire's Victim.

For the last three nights of next week Kate Claxton will be at the Grand in Two Orphans and The World Against Her. Miss Claxton and Two Orphans are as well known to Toronto people as can be, and her new play has been successful elsewhere. The World Against Her is billed for Saturday night, and Two Orphans for the rest of the time.

The Deacon Brodie tour is abandoned. The play was too good for money-making. If E. J. Henley and Annie Robe, in their respective characters of the Deacon and Mary Brodie, could have introduced a few modern songs, let us say, Fifteen Dollars'in Me Inside Pocket; Chippy, Come and Gib Yer Hair Cut; Johnnie, Git Yer Gun, and a few others of the order of these, they might have made the venture enormously profitable. As it was, serious and high endeavor, a virile play with brains behind it, and superior acting fell flat with the all-potent public, and the dollars that came into the treasury were few and far between.—*Jones Lewis Lewis.*

I see Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a poem wherein she gives some moral advice to actresses. You are a right clever poet, Ella, but when you tackle a subject you know little, if anything, of, you make me tired. Stick to love-making, dear girl, as that's your great forte. You and Swinburne have the inside track on writing poetry that stirs the human passions. Either of you can put more fire in ten lines of verse than all the balance of rhymesters put in their verses during their natural lives. But don't go out of the way to give advice to people on the stage, as they are every bit as good as you are, and far more honest in their dealings with their fellow-beings than the average person outside the profession is found to be.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Boston paper says M. Barrymore is no better actor now than he was ten years ago. The trouble with Barrymore is he travels on his good looks, and not on his merits as an actor. He has the right sort of stuff in him for the making of a splendid actor, but he was spoiled at the beginning by becoming a ladies' favorite. The actors and actresses who travel on their good looks can only hope to reach a middle plane, at the highest. The five greatest actors the world knows to-day, Salvini, Coquelin, Irving, Booth and Jefferson, are with the exception of Booth, about as homely as you can find them. The same can be said of the four greatest actresses, Bernhardt, Janauschek, Ellen Terry and Clara Morris. Good looks has proved the ruin of more than one clever actor or actress.

Personal.

Miss Stuart of Port Hope, is visiting Mrs. Cosby, and will probably stay here for several weeks.

The Misses McLean will entertain a few friends at afternoon tea, at their house on Catharine street, next Saturday.

Mrs. Alfred Dennison's dance on Thursday week was for her brother, Mr. Ben Landys of Chatham, who spent the holidays in Toronto.

Mrs. A. D. Macdonell gave a dance on Friday evening of last week, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Germain of Welland, who is visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. John Donaldson gave a large dance last week at their residence on Dundas street, in honor of Mr. Gerald Donaldson, who is home from New York.

Among those present at Lady Macpherson's dinner on the 29th, were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Yarker, Miss Bain, Miss Otter and Miss Todd.

A fair debutante at the fancy ball was Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal. Miss Thomas is the guest of Mrs. James Strachan. Toronto is honored in being chosen for her first season.

Mr. Harry A. Jarvis has left his profession, the sea, and is studying music under Signor D'Auria, at the conservatory. Mr. Jarvis has been an officer on two of the Peninsular and Oriental steamships and Royal naval reserve, and has left one of the line steamships to have his voice cultivated.

Mr. Becher Stanley-Clarke, who has been absent for some months visiting his father, Capt. Stanley-Clarke, R. N., Gosport, England, has returned to the city and his position in the Imperial Bank. While at home he saw his eldest sister (who has become the bride of a brilliant young officer of Burmah campaign fame) off to India.

A sleighing party has been organized by Messrs. Cronyn, Shanly and others for to-day. It is proposed to start at about five o'clock and to dine and dance at the Weston Hotel. People will dance and dine on Saturday night, but they won't go to public entertainments, such as a concert or the theatre. The Weston Hotel is a pleasant goal for sleighing parties.

A number of the friends of Miss Carrie and Master Willie Morrison spent a very enjoyable evening at the family residence, 58 Rose avenue, on Thursday week, the occasion being an evening party given on the anniversary of their mother's birthday. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome silver epergne to Mrs. Morrison by a number of her young friends, who accompanied the gift by many kind wishes for her future prosperity and long life.

The usual reception at Government House on Wednesday was poorly attended, probably on account of the inclement weather. The following ladies and gentlemen left cards: Mr. and Mrs. Septimus A. Denison, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, the Misses Mickle, Ralph R. Bruce, the Mayor and Mrs. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. W. Conolly, Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Stewart, Fred. H. Gooch, Major and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. J. McDonald, Miss Nellie McDonald, Mrs. Arthurs, Miss Arthurs, Miss M. Arthurs, Mrs. J. C. Smith.

Don't be afraid to go out of doors because it is a little colder than usual. The cold air will not hurt you if you are properly protected and take exercise enough to keep the circulation active. On the contrary it will do you good. It will purify your blood, it will strengthen your lungs, it will improve your digestion, it will afford a healthy, natural stimulus to your torpid circulation and strengthen and energize your whole system. The injury which often results from going into a cold atmosphere is occasioned by a lack of protection to some part of the body, exposure to strong draughts or from breathing through the mouth. Avoid these, and you are safe. Don't be afraid to sleep in a cold room at night with the window a little open. Cold air, if pure, will not hurt you at night any more than in the day, if you are protected by sufficient clothing, and by breathing through the nostrils. If you do not breathe thus, acquire the habit as soon as possible. If you wish to be subject to cold, coughs and fevers, shut yourself in close, hot rooms day and night. If you wish to be free from their companionship, always have plenty of pure air to breathe night and day, and take daily out-door exercise, regardless of the weather, except as to clothing protection.

We have received a letter from a young man, who says that, on first going into the society of ladies, he is so diffident that he is unable to recover his composure and make himself agreeable. This young man need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confesses that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. It is certainly a good sign for a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes in fearlessly where an Irving would blush to tread. How well we remember a little incident which, in our early days, helped us to overcome our bashful dread of the society of ladies. Seated by the side of a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, and overwhelmed with a consciousness of our inability to say anything to her which she would care to hear, we chanced to notice that she, too, was greatly embarrassed. What a comforting discovery! We felt as a coward must feel when he finds that his enemy is much more terror-stricken than himself. Turning ourselves to the task of diverting our fair friend we soon forget our own fears in sympathy with hers. Young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of ladies, bear this in mind: The girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them! You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so it is likely that your fair friends think otherwise, for the really ill-bred fellows that we have known have never suspected their ill-breeding. The simple fact that you wish to please is proof that you either possess, or will soon possess, the power to do so. Besides, the girls—that is, most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided they see that there is worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go, but bear in mind that, both in the society of ladies and of gentlemen, you will pass in the long run for what you are worth—no more, no less. The art of pleasing is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man.—*Ex.*

Anxious to Please.

Landlady (to her star boarder, whom she is anxious to please)—May I send you some of the turkey. Mrs. De Hobson?

Star Boarder—Yes, thanks; a leg, if you please.

Landlady—Will you have the right or the left leg, Mrs. De Hobson?

In a Good Place.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of references, "the bookkeeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at his books."

"Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember."

"Yes, I had duplicates made, in case of accident. And the other one?"

"Oh, sir, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."—*Boston Transcript.*

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF UNLOVELY LIFE.

"Jeth fanthy!"

The Deacon and Hope Campton had been home for a week and Hulda and Calvin had brought Aunt Becky back. Lou, with incautious frankness, had confided in her sister-in-law that she feared her father was already hankering after a second wife.

"Jeth fanthy! The old gooth!" lisped Hulda, throwing up both her hands. "Who th he after?"

"Who?" groaned Lou. "I don't know."

"Then what maikth you think he wan't th to get married?"

"Everything! Everything! Bess and I watch what he talks about, and can see he thinks of nothing else!

"Jeth fanthy!"

"And then he's so sweet to us girls and wants us to let him take us everywhere, t church an' prayer meetin', and to town whenever he goes; and wants Hope to play and us to sing whenever he's got a minute in the house. And he's getting so sportive an'—an'—an' kinder silly, it actually makes me sick.

"Fanthy!"

"Oh, Hulda! What would you do if you were us?"

"Have a fire!" whispered Hulda dramatically.

"A what?"

"A fire—a fatal fire!" continued Hulda impressively.

"A what kind of a fire?" queried Lou, half-laughing and evidently wanting to hear one of Hulda's jokes.

"A fa-tal fire—where thome one geth killed—burned to death!"

"Who would it be?"

"Yer Paw an' hith thith'aw Becky!" cried Hulda, tragically smiting her capacious bosom with clenched fists.

"Why, Hulda!" laughed Lou.

"Yeth, I mean it! Every word! That'th the only way to fix 'em! I couldn't of thood thith screechin' old victhen another minute! If th'd thaid over another meal I'd have jumped at her with a knife an' fork an' cut her all to peethes!" When Hulda was in her dreamy moods she was irresistibly funny. Her ferocious words were belied by her extremely good-natured face and her warlike gesticulations, impeded seriously by her buxom figure, were wonderfully comic.

"I told Calvin if he had any Parith green in the houtu an' any love for you 'n Beth, he'd never let Aunt Becky leave our plath in anything but a box-th. An' now I thee how the Deacon ith feelin' lookin' around for thome thuch logeler!"

"You say the awfullest things, Hulda!"

"Yeth, an' I mean 'em too! But tell me all about your father an' how he goeth on! What woman d-o-th he talk moth't about?"

"Oh! no one in particular, but he finds fault with our cooking and housekeeping in the airy, gushing way he takes on lately, and he sighs and forgives us, saying we're only young things and have no mother. And do you know, Hulda," added Lou with increasing animation, "he can't tell us often enough to be sedate and womanly like Hope, and all the time he's acting more foolish than we are!"

"Fanthy!" interrupted Hulda thoughtfully. "He often says it's strange what a difference there is in girls; that Hope, who's the same age as Bess, seems more like a mother to us than a companion!"

"Oh, jeth fanthy! No!! What wath it he thed?" queried Hulda vigorously, for she in every indication that she had been struck with an idea.

"Why, what's the matter, Hulda? You seem surprised."

"Go on, you little gooth, an' tell me again what yer paw thed about thomeone being a mother to you!"

"Why, that was what he said about Hope! She's so steady and careful-spoken and never laughs out loud, or is what Bess calls a 'fresh.' But I'm sure Bess isn't either, except when she gets mad, and that isn't often!"

Hulda looked steadily at Lou for a moment, and in deciding that she had not taken the hint, decided also that she would not suggest the probability that the Deacon was enamored of Hope.

"Ha'th Beth been havin' any of her tantrums lately?" Hulda inquired, in hope of changing the subject.

Louie blushed scarlet, and for a moment struggled not to tell, but yielding at last to her gossiping impulse, she said:

"Yes; the night father came home her and father had a terrible scene, and then she went at me!"

Hulda, the wife of Calvin, ordinarily passed for a chatter-box with considerable more tongue than sense. Her jolly face—blue eyes brimming with fun, prominent and white teeth—always showing in a laugh or while she chattered about something; her white skin scarce ever reddened by a blush, though she often heard and said things that ladies are supposed never to hear or say, and her jaunty style, well-fitting clothes, suggested to everyone the idea that a woman who had no business to be the wife of Calvin Jones unless—well, in the country round about Applebury, where Hulda and her past had only been guessed at, that "unless" meant a good deal. The surmises as to where the girl came from who married Calvin Jones while she was "working" in the kitchen and dining-room of the wayside tavern at Applebury may have been correct, but the idea that she took notice of nothing and was a "rattlehead," was a popular error which Calvin's success as a farmer and stock-raiser was beginning to dispel. Of course everyone expected her to be a good housekeeper; she had been "help" in a tavern and no one knew where else!

"About Ben, eh! An' t'hee flew at you!" repeated Hulda with a careless laugh which Lou mean't smart enough to recognize as a signal of extreme anxiety to hear the details.

"Yes; father began running Ben down and Bess flew in his face just like a settin' hen."

"Jeth fanthy!"

"And when I said I didn't see any use in raising a row over Ben, she got mad at me."

"What wa'th it about; thumething Ben did?"

"No! Father said he didn't believe Ben came honest by the money he paid for the Birch place, and just then it struck me that Ben had never told us anything about himself or where he had been or what he had worked at, and I told Bess there was no use flying into a rage until she really knew whether Ben did get his money honest or not. Wouldn't you, now?"

"Wouldn't I what?" demanded Hulda with unusual asperity.

"Why; want to know something about people before you get in a rage defending them."

"Where's Bethie! I'thay'th wort a ten-acre field full of th'uch ath you! Th'o you'd go back on Ben thith quick, would ye? After him giving you everything he could think of and half-neglecting Bethie! You little hypocrit, you wa'th't th'o pretty I'd hate the very th'ight of you!"

Louie was dumbfounded by Hulda's sudden assault, but when at last her sister-in-law wound up by giving her a hug and a compliment, she was at a loss to guess whether Hulda was joking or in earnest.

"Bess is out in the corn patch picking ears to dry. She's been out all afternoon!"

"She's got back!" said Bessie, quietly emptying her apron on the table by the door.

Hulda rushed over to her, and throwing her arms around her without a word of warning or any previous example of such weakness, burst into a passion of tears.

"Leave us alone," said Bess thickly, as she observed Lou looking wonderingly at them and feeling that there must have been some difference between them.

Lou switched out of the room in anything but a merry temper, and it was half an hour before she bethought herself that the sore point she had touched in Hulda's history was the lack of a definite "Past."

"Why, Hulda, what's wrong?" asked Bessie kindly. "Is there anything the matter at home?" There being no response, "Or did you and Lou have a spat?"

"Neither!" cried Hulda, straightening herself up and wiping her eyes furiously. "Neither, but Lou wath telling me about your row with your pah over Ben and 'when th'an thilded in agen him becauthe he didn't tell you where he'd been or anything, I wath minded of what people uthed to thay about me, even to Calvin, and I got mad, and when, when I th'aw you standing there, I—I—broke down!"

Hulda's tears never fell in copious showers, and after another little sob or two she was herself again.

"Lou told me what'th been going on and that your pah is thinking of getting married again!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Bessie shortly.

"You needn't be afraid I'll tell anything, th'o don't be th'o cruth'ty, Beth. I got a notion from what Lou th'ed, though th'e don't notice it, that it th Hope Campton your pah ith after!"

"Hulda, don't ever say such a thing to any mortal soul or I never like you again!" whispered Bessie, fiercely catching hold of Hulda's arms. "I'd want to crawl away and die if people got talking like that about father before mother's dead six weeks."

"Don't be afraid," nodded Hulda encouragingly, "I'll keep it quiet, and if you want me to I'll help to stop them th'top it!"

"Oh, Hulda! I can't hardly think it can be true, but Ben thought the same and told me to watch him, even on the very day of the funeral! Isn't it most awful? And how people will talk if they ever get hold of it!"

"Don't mind people talking, Bethie; that never kills anyone!"

"I know she won't have him or over think of such a thing, but we'll all die of shame if he ever gets running round after a second wife like old Byron Storm did, and he was a sensibler man than father before he lost his wife."

"Ben'th pretty hate, ha'th he?" inquired Hulda, changing the subject.

"Yes, and he won't be back till spring unless something happens."

"Well, Bethie, th'omething will very likely happen if it ha'th anything to do with—

Aunt Becky, slumbering from the effects of her ride, having awakened, determined at this moment to come down stairs, and crawling backwards, had taken two steps when she let go and came bowling into the kitchen on a bump.

They had straightened her up and put her in her old chair by the stove when, with her horrible crackling laugh, as was her invariable custom, she commenced her vulgar, crazy rhymes:

"Jack he went a sailin'
And Bess he went to war sad,
Fer Jack he left a'hind him
A baby 'thout no dad."

"The old beast!" muttered Hulda. "How I'd like to put an end to the old hutha!"

"Never mind!" Bessie answered patiently, as she put her hand over her aunt's shrivelled mouth. "There's nobody here to hear her nasty talk!"

CHAPTER XIII.

HOPE SEEMS TO DWELL ETERNAL IN THE DEACON'S BREAST.

Hope Campton often wondered why Bessie watched her in such a quizzical way. Frequently she saw the sisters glancing at one another, and sometimes Bessie was petulant—almost rude—to her. During the two months since her return she had tried to be one of the family, and had noticed and felt to lessen the loneliness of the Deacon and the girls. Lou had seemed more responsive than her sister, and had unreservedly confessed to Hope that she would rather the Deacon were more reserved in sounding her praises and announcing his appreciation of her quiet efforts to make everyone forget the grief of their bereavement. In these efforts she found less time to think of her own sorrow, and became merrier and less sedate. When the Deacon gushed over her and her virtues and exhorted his daughters to follow her example, she felt ill at ease, but with honest affection set in down as proof of the old man's fatherly love for the child of his dead friend.

Hope Campton had more than beauty of face and form. She had that rare thing, grace of posture and movement. She was self possessed, straightforward and loyal. Her gray eyes, deep and soft when she was happy, hard and cold and pale when anger or pain made it self. If she were slow to form friendships, she was slower still to abandon them. While a wave of popularity or enthusiasm would fail to catch Hope on its crest, a suspicion of calumny, reproach or evil report would affect her opinion of one she loved. She was not exceedingly clever at anything, and in all her beautiful being there was not a particle of genius or originality and not very much humor.

For the Deacon, Hope cherished a sincere affection begotten of the love her mother—a feeble, weak-minded woman—had felt for him. Mrs. Campton had been bedridden for months before her death, and the Deacon had read the scriptures to her and prayed with her, and in season and out of season had been ready to help the little housekeeper in every way. Night or morning he had been willing to run errands for the sick woman, and he himself almost wondered why he liked so well to be in Widow Campton's sick-room. Nowhere else could he talk so well, and it seemed like an inspiration when he knew the sick woman and her lovely daughter were listening to his prayer. He could weep with them, though when his own tired wife made complaint he sneered or made rough and unfeeling answers.

He often told Hope's mother that he believed God had sent her to Applebury to teach him and the rest of the people patience, godliness, and long suffering. So often and so fervidly he extolled the virtues and Christian fortitude of the poor woman whose life was painlessly ebbing away, that she began to lose the terrible fear which had always haunted her, that she was unit for the Kingdom of Heaven. In proportion as she felt that her saintliness was being recognized by the best people on earth, she felt assured it would not be overlooked in Heaven and her heart, filled with this new and glorious peace, turned lovingly, confidingly towards one who had shown her the way to eternal happiness. As she grew weaker she more frequently sent for the Deacon, and he was never too busy to attend. Some wicked people winked and sneered, but Mrs. Campton was too near death for even the most evil-minded to raise a scandal, and no one who had ever seen Hope was abandoned enough to either think or say anything insinuating that she was the real attraction in the sick-room. Old Birch had said in his jeering and vulgar way that he "guessed Deacon Jones was sucking round after a legacy," but the villagers thought there was no great harm in that, for it was hard enough to get money, no matter how, goodness knows!

Hope, without question, had accepted her mother's estimate of the Deacon, and felt herself bound to lose no jot of her love for the old man, though many of his imperfections had been revealed to her. Besides all this she had a mistaken sense of gratitude which ascribed her mother's salvation in part and her own peace and comfort entirely to the Deacon. She was paying for her board, but she reasoned that that was so only because she had insisted upon it; it would, thought she, have been also freely given without any request from her side. And finally and of greatest effect was the feeling that she had every reason to be proud, grateful and happy because such a good and pious man had found it possible to like her as well as take care of her.

The Deacon understood her character—or that portion of it which was developed and had been presented to his view—and felt almost sure he could induce her, if not by love or argument, by reproaches and charges of ingratitude and lack of proper duty, to become his wife. And while, impatiently waiting for a decent period to have elapsed after the death of his wife, he once thought of an argument which reddened his sleek face as its shameful strength flashed through his mind. He paled as he thought further of it, but his closely knit brow and tightly-drawn lips showed that he had not banished the temptation from him.

School had commenced after the long summer vacation, and Hope was still in charge of the educational interests of Applebury. One day while Bess and Louie were absent Hope came home, and was somewhat astonished to see the Deacon sitting on the "stoop" arrayed in his Sunday garments

"Just going home from visitin'!" he explained, clumsily rising as she came up the steps.

"Oh, I see!" she answered pleasantly, but with an uncomfortable feeling she couldn't explain.

As he followed her indoors she inquired: "Where are the girls?"

"Out to Calvin's I guess. An' seein's ther' away"—continued he hurriedly and with evident excitement—"an' as I leve a chance for a minnit's private talk with yeh, jest wait till yeh fer a minnit till I tell yeh suthin' thet's bin on my mind fer weeks?"

He had grasped her arm as she opened the stair door to go up to her room, and with inexplicable repugnance she suffered herself to be detained.

"What I'm gunto say," he began, his head in a whirl and the excitement of his opportunity making him incoherent and uncertain of speech, "mebbe you'll think I hadn't orter to say it, then yeh don't know an'll think diff'runt when I explain."

Hope turned round to escape from his hand, and with her sun hat on her arm sat down in the rocking chair. "Sit down while you talk, won't you?" she said, motioning to another rocking chair.

He was glad of a moment's respite, and as he pulled the chair nearer to her, collected his wits and commenced: "When he had been thinking over the proposition he was about to make the shame of it never entered his mind, but now he staggered as he thought how Hope's mother trusted him, how Hope's girl life he knew he was thus seeking to betray the trust reposed in him. He had turned hot and cold while he had been waiting for Hope to return, when he thought how people would talk if they ever heard he had proposed to his trust-child, but this had not turned him from his purpose nor shame so much as the tide of his senile folly.

When he looked up and met Hope's calm, gray eyes his face flushed, and the confused feeling threatened to overwhelm him again. In his experience came to his rescue the moment that, with downcast eyes, he began his canting phrases and the habit of two score years helped him through his task, though he didn't look up until he began to think his words were making an impression.

"Yer see, Hope, my dear, I feel as if I were everythin' to yeh since yer maw died an' left me to take car of yeh. Yer maw had confidence in me an' thought I was fit fer yeh fer lookin' after yeh. Now I want to know if you think so?"—with heavy emphasis on "you."

Hope had been watching his face, but it was no reader of character, and his words and evident emotion only suggested to her that he feared he was not satisfying her as a guardian and wanted to offer her a chance to go elsewhere if she wasn't pleased.

"Certainly; I have every confidence in you, and I'm sorry I haven't been able to prove it to you so thoroughly that you would have no need to ask. Every night," added Hope solemnly, "I think God for His goodness in leaving me in such a Christian home with such a good and kind guardian."

This staggered the Deacon for a moment only, but his conscience was soon easily stilled, and his sense of honor had never been a legal tender.

"Then ef, as yeh say, ye'y confidence in me, like yer poor, dear mother in her day, then ye'll do what I ask yeh—when I tell yeh,' and the Deacon's tone grew solemnly deep, "when I tell yeh I know it's right, why, an' fer how'ever I prayed over it! Tuk it afore the throne! Ast fer de-vine aid an' kown-sil! Ast fer guidance from the Hand thet's never withheld from them that love an' obey Him! Yes, I did! I tuk it up to the throne of grace, an' in the silent watches of night I got my answer an' it was thus an' so I must do what I'm gunto yeh to do! Let's hey a word of prayer afore I ast yeh teh make th' sacrifice-eal offerin'."

He dropped on his knees and, impelled by her religious training and her respect for his example, Hope also knelt by her chair.

He prayed for his family particularly, and hinted that everything was not going as it should be. Hope inferred from what he said that both Louie and Bessie were falling into wicked ways and endangering their peace in his home. He wept as he spoke of his loneliness and his need of help and comfort in his desolate and thorny path. Then he prayed for Hope to be guided wisely and purely in the answer she was about to make, and dwelt on the desolation and heartbreaks she would cause if she chose the selfish and easy path. His vigorous outbreathings and magnetic voice had their effect, and Hope was in tears before he had done.

When they rose he took Hope's hand, and holding it between both of his he spoke slowly: "My dear young friend I now ast yeh to become my wife!"

Hope for a short moment did not seem to comprehend the meaning of his words. Her truthful eyes, moist with tears and dark and luminous with the sacred thoughts which prayer had inspired, looked into his face and read there the story which no woman can mistake. In an instant she snatched her hand from his grasp, and stood erect, her shoulders thrown back and her fingers tightly clenched, as if to strike.

Her eyes paled and into them came an expression of loathing and contempt he had never seen before, as she coldly demanded of him:

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you insult me like this?"

"Insult yeh, Hope!" stammered the Deacon abashed.

"Yes, insult me!" repeated Hope sternly, her haughty gray eyes fixed on the downcast face before her.

"I can't see wher yeh kin find anythin' insultin' in what I've sed t' yeh!" The Deacon, thoroughly disconcerted, wished Hope would break forth in a torrent of tears and reproaches, anything would be preferable to her cold, contemptuous scrutiny. She gave him no chance for an argument. He was put on his defence; he had none to offer and he knew it. As usual with him in such emergencies, he assumed a forgiving tone and took refuge in tearful cant.

"God fergive yeh, Hope, fer them words! I do! I fergive yeh freely an' fully, fer yeh don't know what yer sayin'."

Having succeeded in filling his eyes with tears, as he sobbed out the last word, he drew himself up and tried to look the young girl in the face. Her frigid and silent self-possession frightened and confused him, and as she moved as if to leave him, visions of charges she might prefer against him to his daughters or maybe to the church inspired him to another effort.

"I can't stand teh hev yeh look at me that way, Hope," he cried impioringly. "It breaks my heart teh hev one I hev fostered an' pertected turn on me as if I was pizen an' kerrupshun! What I ast yeh I did bekuzz I felt it wer' God's will an' fer the best fer us both. I love yeh, but I never let no carnal thoughts enter my hart till I took it afore the Throne! I prayed over it, Hope, an' I got my answer afore I spoke a syllabell, an' it wuz fer me teh take yeh an' I onct be a perfecter an' a husband t' yeh! I declare t' yeh afore our Maker I did, Hope. I watched an' prayed fer nights an' nights an' I got the same feelin' stronger an' stronger, an' I tuk it fer the answer of the Speeret. When hev I did wrong? I beg on yeh, Hope, teh tell me, an I'll sit in sackcloth an' ashes fer it till I die!"

Though Hope's face showed no signs of the mental struggle she was having it was difficult for her to control her voice, as she replied bitterly:

"You have degraded yourself and religion by trying to take advantage of me!"

"Oh, Hope!" cried the Deacon, clasping his hands supplicatingly.

"You have insulted me by thinking such a thing as you have proposed possible. You, and what's more, you have insulted the memory of your wife and abused the trust my mother placed in you!"

In the moment when he had seized her hand and proposed marriage to her he had revealed himself in all his moral deformity to her pure mind, and so intensely astonished to see the Deacon sitting on the "stoop" arrayed in his Sunday garments

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Hope turned round to escape from his hand, and with her sun hat on her arm sat down in the rocking chair. "Sit down while you talk, won't you?" she said, motioning to another rocking chair.

He was glad of a moment's respite, and as he pulled the chair nearer to her, collected his wits and commenced: "When he had been thinking over the proposition he was about to make the shame of it never entered his mind, but now he staggered as he thought how Hope's mother trusted him, how Hope's girl life he knew he was thus seeking to betray the trust reposed in him. He had turned hot and cold while he had been waiting for Hope to return, when he thought how people would talk if they ever heard he had proposed to his trust-child, but this had not turned him from his purpose nor shame so much as the tide of his senile folly.

When he looked up and met Hope's calm, gray eyes his face flushed, and the confused feeling threatened to overwhelm him again. In his experience came to his rescue the moment that, with downcast eyes, he began his canting phrases and the habit of two score years helped him through his task, though he didn't look up until he began to think his words were making an impression.

"Yer see, Hope, my dear, I feel as if I were everythin' to yeh since yer maw died an' left me to take car of yeh. Yer maw had confidence in me an' thought I was fit fer yeh fer lookin' after yeh. Now I want to know if you think so?"—with heavy emphasis on "you."

Hope had been watching his face, but it was no reader of character, and his words and evident emotion only suggested to her that he feared he was not satisfying her as a guardian and wanted to offer her a chance to go elsewhere if she wasn't pleased.

"Certainly; I have every confidence in you, and I'm sorry I haven't been able to prove it to you so thoroughly that you would have no need to ask. Every night," added Hope solemnly, "I thank God for His goodness in leaving me in such a Christian home with such a good and kind guardian."

This staggered the Deacon for a moment only, but his conscience was soon easily stilled, and his sense of honor had never been a legal tender.

"Then ef, as yeh say, ye'y confidence in me, like yer poor, dear mother in her day, then ye'll do what I ask yeh—when I teil yeh,' and the Deacon's tone grew solemnly deep, "when I tell yeh I know it's right, why, an' fer how'ever long I prayed over it! Tuk it afore the throne! Ast fer de-vine aid an' kown-sil! Ast fer guidance from the Hand thet's never withheld from them that love an' obey Him! Yes, I did! I tuk it up to the throne of grace, an' in the silent watches of night I got my answer an' it was thus an' so I must do what I'm gunto yeh to do! Let's hey a word of prayer afore I ast yeh teh make th' sacrifice-eal offerin'."

He dropped on his knees and, impelled by her religious training and her respect for his example, Hope also knelt by her chair.

He prayed for his family particularly, and hinted that everything was not going on as it should be. Hope inferred from what he said that both Louie and Bessie were falling into wicked ways and endangering their peace in his home. He wept as he spoke of his loneliness and his need of help and comfort in his desolate and thorny path. Then he prayed for Hope to be guided wisely and purely in the answer she was about to make, and dwelt on the desolation and heartbreaks she would cause if she chose the selfish and easy path. His vigorous outbreathings and magnetic voice had their effect, and Hope was in tears before he had done.

When they rose he took Hope's hand, and holding it between both of his he spoke slowly: "My dear young friend I now ast yeh to become my wife!"

Hope for a short moment did not seem to comprehend the meaning of his words. Her truthful eyes, moist with tears and dark and luminous with the sacred thoughts which prayer had inspired, looked into his face and read there the story which no woman can mistake. In an instant she snatched her hand from his grasp, and stood erect, her shoulders thrown back and her fingers tightly clenched, as if to strike.

Her eyes paled and into them came an expression of loathing and contempt he had never seen before, as she coldly demanded of him:

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you insult me like this?"

"Insult yeh, Hope!" stammered the Deacon abashed.

"Yes, insult me!" repeated Hope sternly, her haughty gray eyes fixed on the downcast face before her.

"I can't see wher yeh kin find anythin' insultin' in what I've sed t' yeh!" The Deacon, thoroughly disconcerted, wished Hope would break forth in a torrent of tears and reproaches, anything would be preferable to her cold, contemptuous scrutiny. She gave him no chance for an argument. He was put on his defence; he had none to offer and he knew it. As usual with him in such emergencies, he assumed a forgiving tone and took refuge in tearful cant.

"God fergive yeh, Hope, fer them words! I do! I fergive yeh freely an' fully, fer yeh don't know what yer sayin'."

Having succeeded in filling his eyes with tears, as he sobbed out the last word, he drew himself up and tried to look the young girl in the face. Her frigid and silent self-possession frightened and confused him, and as she moved as if to leave him, visions of charges she might prefer against him to his daughters or maybe to the church inspired him to another effort.

"I can't stand teh hev yeh look at me that way, Hope," he cried impioringly. "It breaks my heart teh hev one I hev fostered an' pertected turn on me as if I was pizen an' kerrupshun! What I ast yeh I did bekuzz I felt it have a chance to talk, and feeling sure of his ground did not read aright the growing pallor of Hope's beautiful face, and as her shapely hands tightened in their clasp of the sun hat she was holding, he imagined she was nerving herself to consent.

"Hope, them was her very words!" he repeated persuasively, and being about to make another appeal, he reached out, tried to take one of her hands, and had fully determined that his next move would be to kiss her. His fingers scarcely touched her before she fiercely struck his hand from her, and standing erect before him she said, with icy calmness which was in strange contrast with her furious gesture when he had tried to touch her:

"You are lying to me! Mother never thought nor said such vile things. I am going to leave your house!"

The Deacon saw at once he had over-reached himself, but he had gone too far to turn back. As Hope turned to go go upstairs he grasped her arm to detain her.

"Let me go this minute!" she demanded in the same suppressed tone.

"I won't. You shan't stir till I'm done, an' then when I've hed my say, yeh kin go if yeh want teh!" The Deacon had ceased to be persuasive and had become peremptory.

"Let go my arm, then!" she repeated, and the look in her gray eyes made him comply.

"Yeh needn't git on yer high horse, Hope Campton, an' try an' believe thet yer mother wa'n't like other people, fer she was, an' had her failin's an' doin's thet mebbe you may have t' hear on yit!"

"Are you through slandering my mother, who took you for a man instead of a sneak?" The suppressed fury was beginning to break loose.

"Nobody's slanderin' yer mother, but I want yeh t' understand thet I know all about yeh an' about yer parents, an' I aint gunto hev yeh runnin' off an' leavin' my house an' talk an' a muss about me, all bekase I offered yeh a chance t' git a honorubble name. If yeh go I'll publish what yeh air!"

The Deacon, enraged by his disappointment and fearful of the consequences of his folly, had determined to play his last card. His threat made in a hissing whisper as he leaned over the back of a chair and glared with lowering brows and cruel eyes, almost startled poor Hope from her self-possession.

"What do you mean?" she questioned haughtily.

"I mean thet I aint gunto be made a laughin'-stock by you, an' I mean thet fer th' present yer gunto stay right here or else th' naberhood'll know thet yeh haint no better'n a love-child nohow—an' as yer guardeen, I've got yer own papers t' show it. An' I'll say when I found it out I wouldn't hev yeh round!"

Hope's face grew deathly white. "A what did you say?" she faltered, her rigid lips almost refusing their office.

Perhaps if the Deacon had been sure of his chance he might have explained before he left Hope what he knew about her birth, but for the moment, determined to crush her pride and humble her into obedience, he halted at nothing and explained with brutal abruptness:

"No better'n a bastard!"

The blood came rushing back to her face, her head swam round and round, everything grew black; the Deacon to her affrighted gaze enlarged and distorted like an ogre, and then with a piteous moan she fell dead on her face.

(To be Continued.)

She Married a Scholar.

Oh, she said she'd never marry any Tom and Dick and Harry,
She'd wed some famous scientist of learning and renown;
But her Tom was quite commercial, and of Agassiz and Huxley
He was ignorant, she said, as any circus clown.

She gave poor Tom the mitten, and as meek as any kitten
He went to making money and forgot his wild despair;
Forgot, I say, at any rate, his science he did degenerate
Into a sordid business man, a trifling millionaire.

But she wed a scientific, and his tastes were quite terrific
For various kinds of insects and for toads and other game;
And instead of pictures, and statuettes, and bronzes and bookcases and
constrictors
He'd take into his sitting-room to ornament the same.

As a zealous decorator, he preferred an alligator
To a statue of Minerva or of Henry Clay;
And you ought to hear him talk awhile of his bouncing baby crocodile
That he played with in his parlor just to while the time away;

And his cobra-de-capello—a most charming little fellow—
Thro' his dressing-room and bed-room used to nonchalantly drift;
And his elephant's proboscis and two young rhinoceroses
He presented to his children as a fitting Christmas gift.

But he sold his wife's piano to buy ipecacuanha
To feed his hippopotamus to each his stomach caches,
And a shark ate up his baby (for you know how hungry they be)
And he sold and pawned his overcoat to feed his rattlesnakes!

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CHAPTER V.

The village was in an uproar next morning. Five of the most desperate poachers in the country side had been taken prisoners; three were badly wounded, as was one of the keepers. And poor Tom Winch had never recovered consciousness since he had been shot down, and it seemed likely that a few hours would end his life.

That George Yorke should have taken any part in the affray was a matter of wonder to all, and everyone was open-mouthed with astonishment when the fact became known.

"Ah, he be's a deep one, be's George Yorke," cried a woman, torn, draggled and dirty, whose husband was amongst the prisoners. "He who held himself so high should have been the last to encourage poor men in such ways. No doubt he planned the whole thing, being the cleverest amongst 'em."

"What call had George Yorke to poach?" cried another. "He's enough land of his own to shoot over."

"But I've seen him out late o'nights about the earl's ground many a time, farmer," put in a third; "and he had his gun with him."

"Ay! and they say he shot Tom Winch," said a fourth.

"Who says so!" cried another.

"I say so," said a gruff, sullen voice; and Jim Morton, his arm in a sling, and his forehead badly cut, joined the group.

"Ah, Jim Morton! he'll tell us all about it," chorused the crowd. "You were in it, Jim!"

"I was," he replied sullenly; "and I tell ye 'twas George Yorke fired at Winch—I saw him, and I closed with him, and he fought me like mad, but Baines and I together were too much for him. He'll be locked up with hard labor for a tidy spell, will my fine mister, I'll bet!"

"Twasn't like George Yorke to go in for such a business," said a bystander, doubtfully.

"And as for shooting a fellow—"

"Can't say what a man won't do when his blood's up," said the first speaker; and in a scrimmage like that, too."

"And my poor boy's to die for he!" sobbed a pale, thin woman, with her apron to her eyes.

There was a silence in the crowd after these words, till a voice—Farmer Hollingford's voice this time—cried, "It's not proved against Yorke yet; and till it's proved, I, for one, will not believe it! There's a muddle somewhere. I've known George since he wore a child, and so have many of you, and we've none of us known him in trouble yet. No one's ever had a word but good to say of him.

There was a murmur of acquiescence amongst the people; but Jim Morton replied, with a jeering laugh, "'Murder will out,' farmer, ye know. Yorke hasn't been caught before; but how do we know how many of my lordship's pheasants and partridges have found their way into the farm there? He's soft-spoken and fine enough in his ways, is Yorke; but he's a devil when his blood's up, as I know."

And whilst the villagers indulged in such remarks, the magistrates before whom the culprits were to be brought were equally as much puzzled to account for the part George Yorke had taken in the affair as their poorer neighbors.

Squire Mangel and Sir Henry Nevil were thunderstruck. George had been on terms of almost friendship with the former, and Sir Henry had always held him up as a pattern of an English yeoman, and each believed him incapable of the crime of which he was accused.

But as the investigation before them went on, they grew graver and graver, and the third magistrate, Mr. Starkey of the Grange, a stern man, who knew not the Yorkes, and took an instant dislike to George on account of his good looks and decent clothes, felt triumphant. He had expressed it as his opinion that men of George's stamp always made themselves in what he was pleased to call their "true colors" sooner or later, to the shame of their friends and the confusion of their supporters.

To tell the truth, George did not appear at his best before the magistrates. His answers to their questions were not satisfactory. He could give no good reasons for being out in the wood late at night, with a gun. It was all very well to say the gun was not loaded. Why should a man walk about with an unloaded gun, and at the dead of night?

He asserted that he was not with the poachers, but there was only his own word for that. Without doubt he had taken part in the struggle, and, as the keepers proved, had inflicted severe injury on Jim Morton, who appeared with his arm still in a sling and his forehead covered with plasters: and—here the matter became very serious—according to Jim Morton's evidence, he was the man who had shot Winch.

The inquiry before the magistrates was long and searching. Lord Hetherington was there, and the duke; and when George saw them enter the hot blood surged to his cheeks, and he dropped his head sullenly on his chest.

He felt his heart swell with wrath and indignation as he looked on the two men. To be seen by them in the situation he now was, was terrible to him.

His wild, haggard face and savage eyes impressed the earl very unfavorably.

"I can hardly believe he is the same cheery, handsome young fellow I knew a year or two ago," he whispered. "He must have fallen into bad company lately, I fear."

"Indeed, his face is as savage and repulsive as one could well imagine," replied Almadale. "If Lady Adelaide could see him now, I fear she think she would feel much sympathy with him."

"They'll commit him, as sure as fate," said the earl; "and if they can prove he fired the shot, why—"

And shrugging his shoulders, Lord Hetherington turned away, and, with the Duke, left the room.

The enquiry was concluded, and, as the earl predicted, George Yorke and his companions were committed to take their trial at the next assizes, and were taken off that same night to the county jail.

Who can describe the agony of mind that fell upon George as he realized his true position! As long as he remained at Yardly it seemed as if his senses were benumbed, and he could not take in the misfortune that had befallen him.

When, however, he alighted from the gloomy prisoners' van at the door of the county jail, and heard the gates closed and locked and barred behind him, he seemed suddenly to awake to his misery, and staggered away to his cell after the warder, half-wild with despair.

It required an effort to recall all that had happened the evening before. He sat with his head resting on his hands, and for some time everything appeared so misty and unreal to him that he could hardly distinguish between the true and the imaginary. He had seen Adelaide. Ah, yes! And a sharp pang shot through his heart as he thought of her pale, terrified face when he had spoken of leaving her home. It was to meet her he had come through the wood. Then the band of flying poachers had come on him, when, half mad with misery and despair at Adelaide's coldness, he had almost lost control over himself—and the next few moments still seemed like a dream to him, and he could hardly remember what had passed. He remembered Jim Morton's face, and that Jim had attacked him—that a shot had been fired, followed by a cry—that Jim and another man had wrested his gun from him, and that then a blow must have rendered him senseless, for he knew no more till he awoke, bruised and bleeding, with a policeman standing over him.

"But I did not shoot Tom Winch," he muttered. "I know better than that. My gun was not loaded; that's one comfort. Oh, Adelaide, my wife."

And with a cry of despair George threw himself on his miserable prison bed.

What did she think of him now? Would she confess all to the earl and come to him in his prison and let the world know that she was his wife, and that it was to meet her he had stolen out that night? She would—surely she would for his sake!

"If she does not," he murmured, "she cannot love me, and then, what does it all matter?"

And again and again did poor George think over the sad night's work and wonder if Adelaide were true to him and would come to his aid.

"If she does not I will not say a word—not that they would believe me if I said I was come to meet her, not, I suppose, that it would help me in the matter of Tom Winch anyway. But I never shot Winch—I defy them to prove that against me!"

For many days George waited in hopes of hearing from Adelaide, or even of seeing her, but no news of her reached him, and the time for his trial was drawing nigh. Had she forgotten him, then?—had she quite ceased to love him? Perhaps she was glad that this dreadful misfortune had fallen on him!

The day on which he should claim her as his wife would be far distant one now; and anxiously her white, terrified face—the look of horror and aversion with which she had regarded him in the wood—rose before him.

A settled despair fell on him; he seemed benumbed with misery; he ate scarcely anything and slept but little; but all day long he sat in the corner, his head drooping of Adelaide, every day the hope of seeing her growing fainter and fainter.

At last, one day, the door of his cell was opened and two strangers entered—one a woman.

George started up and his heart beat wildly. Adelaide's name was on his lips and almost uttered when the woman rapidly threw back her veil and revealed the features, not of Adelaide, but of Patience Hollingford.

He sank back on his prison bed, and covered his face with his hands with a deep groan.

"George—George Yorke," said Farmer Hollingford, going up to him; "don't you know me, George?" And he sat down beside him, shocked beyond measure at the change a few short weeks had worked in the young man.

"I'd have come before, if I could," he went on. "Patience has left me no peace about it, George. She's been wanting to come and see you for days past, but she couldn't leave the little ones, who were all down with whooping-cough. Won't ye speak to Patience, George?"

Slowly George uncovered his face and looked at Patience; their eyes met, and the girl was beside him in a moment.

"Oh, George—George!" was all she could say, burying her face in tears.

The warm drops fell on George's hand. He raised his head, and a smile, strangely bright and tender, lighted up his wan face.

"Ah, Patience! you don't forsake me—you are true," he said.

"Yes, George. Oh, we don't believe a word of it. We don't understand it; but we know you aren't a poacher—a thief; and as for shooting Tom Winch—"

"No, no! I never shot poor Tom," he said, eagerly; "and I am no poacher. Some day, if ever I come back, I'll tell you, Patience, why I was in that wood."

"Tell the judge, my boy," said the farmer, entreatingly, brushing a tear from his eyes with the back of his hand. "That will be better than telling Patience."

But George did not heed him.

"And how's Tom?" he asked.

Patience turned deadly pale, and looked at the farmer.

George looked from one to the other, and shivered.

"I see. When was it?" he said, taking hold of Patience's hand.

"Yesterday evening," she whispered. "Poor Tom! He lingered on a long, long time."

"He accused no one," said the farmer.

"No; but Jim Morton says he saw me fire the shot. I remember that," answered George; "but he's wrong."

"Yes, yes!" repeated Patience. "Oh George they'll never condemn you for what you didn't do."

"I don't know, lass—I don't know," he said. "Jim Morton may swear my liberty away. Who knows?"

"Why should they believe his word against yours," she cried, despairingly.

"Maybe some one else will say they saw it, too," replied George, dreamily. "I had my gun, ye know, and I remember I put it to my shoulder; but it was not loaded."

Farmer Hollingford looked disturbed at George's words.

"Can we do anything for you, George?" he asked.

"Nothing, farmer—yes, one thing. My poor old father!" he said.

"I've been with him every day, George," cried Patience, with a sob. "He wants for nothing, George, and—and I don't think he understands what's happened, so he's not troubled in mind, only he wants to see you."

"Heaven bless you, Patience! You're a true and good lass," said George, his voice trembling. And, for the first time since he was taken, a tear filled his eye and rolled slowly down his face. "There is one thing I want you to do, Patience," he went on, and whispered a few words in her ear.

She nodded assent.

"And you'll look after the old man when I'm away," he said. "He won't last many years; he'll be gone long before I come back."

"Oh, George! don't talk like that!" began Patience.

But here the warder opened the door. Time was up; the visitors must leave.

"One thing more," said George, with a strange effort. "The earl—Lady Adelaide?"

"They're gone away—abroad, I hear. Lady Adelaide was ill," said Patience, in surprise.

"And they went alone?" he said sternly.

"Yes, only Lady St. Quentin with them," was the reply.

And then they were obliged to leave the prisoner, and, as the door of the cell shut behind them, George felt as if every hope of liberty had gone from him forever. Adelaide had deserted him—there was no more hope.

Patience had covered her face carefully with her black veil as she left the prison, and, silently taking her place in the tax-cart beside her father, they drove away again to Yardly, a distance of ten miles or more.

For the first three miles Patience spoke not a word. Her father looked at her once or twice, but she sat as if turned to stone, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Patience, lass, what's the matter?" he said at last, anxiously, for her silence frightened him.

Patience slowly raised her veil. Her face was as white as marble.

"Poor lass!" said the farmer. "I oughtn't to have let thee go."

"Nay, father, I wouldn't have missed seeing George for the whole world," she faltered.

"Why dost thee set such store by George Yorke, then?" he asked.

Patience did not reply. She only drew near to her father, and looked up wistfully into his face; then laid her head against his shoulder, and burst into bitter weeping that told him all.

"My poor lass!" he said; "my poor, tender honey!" And tears filled his eyes.

"Never mind, father," she said, choking back her sobs bravely.

"But I do mind," he answered. "I've always loved ye best of the seven, my girl."

"Well, you'll never lose me now, father," she answered, with a sad smile, "unless you'll never get rid of me. I'll never marry, father, and you'll never try to make me, and—you won't tire of me, father."

No more words passed between them. Brown Bess trotted quickly along, and in an hour and a half Patience and her father were back at the Manor farm.

"My home to the end of my days," thought Patience, as she went slowly up the oak staircase to her bedroom under the thatched roof.

"Oh, George, George!"

And next morning she was up betimes, and down at the Manor farm, almost before Gilbert was out of his bed. Patience had seen George, his son was well and at the country town. Old Gilbert was satisfied. A merciful torpor had fallen on his brain and he does not see things as they really were. George would be away some time, they told him, and Patience would look after him, as she did a year ago, when George took a holiday. The old man was satisfied.

"I thought George would have brought you home by now," he said, laying his hand on Patience's golden-brown head. "Never fear, my lass, come spring, and ye'll be here for good."

"No, Mr. York," she replied, quietly, "I hide the tears that would gather in her eyes. "George doesn't think of me in that way. We are like brother and sister, you know, but that's all."

"Didn't use to be like that in my day," remarked the old man, doubtfully; "we young fellows didn't think of a young gal so. But we shall see, my dear, we shall see. Spring's the time for mating, you know."

And he chuckled cheerily as he stood in the warm morning sun outside the porch, and watched the pointer, Jack, George's favorite dog, as Patience gave him his morning meal.

CHAPTER VI.

"One doesn't often find you at home now, Miss Patience," said a harsh voice in Patience's ear, as she stood at the gate of the farm, resting one day, after having been down to see the old Gilbert Yorke was comfortable for the day.

"I've been busy lately, you know, Mr. Morton," she said simply.

"Ay; tending old Gilbert, they tell me. He's pretty well daft now, I hear. How does he take all this business about his son—eh?" replied the man. "I wouldn't mind parting with a dozen sons like George Yorke to get you to take care of me in your place, Miss Patience."

Patience shrunk back. She had heard it said that Jim Morton was the man who had accused George of shooting Tom Winch. Till that moment she had forgotten it, her heart being full of George's father; but a shiver of repulsion ran through her as she recognized that the man beside her was ready, believing or not believing it to be true, to swear away George's liberty.

"The Yorkes are very old friends of father's," Patience answered, "and I'm glad to do anything for the old man."

"Yes, sure, we all know how kind-hearted you are, Miss Patience; and, as I said, I'd give my ears to be in old Gilbert's shoes. I wish you were as kind to me as you are to him," he answered. "But, I don't go; I've something to talk to you about;" and Jim Morton put himself in the path between her and the house, to prevent her passing.

"Let me go by, Jim Morton!" she begged. "I'm in a hurry; don't keep me waiting!"

"Only for a few minutes. Sure you've kept me waiting many a long day, Miss Patience. It's been months and months that I've waited to speak to you, and haven't had an opportunity. Twice George Yorke has interrupted and it's hard to find you alone. Now, he's gone for good; he won't be coming between me and the girl I love in a hurry, and—"

"Mr. Morton, please don't say another word!" said Patience. "Let me go home! I—"

"No, I can't—not till you've heard me! I owe George Yorke a grudge, Patience. You were kind enough and used to be pleased enough to see me once; but he came, with his good looks and fine airs, and turned you against me, and—"

"You're quite wrong, Mr. Morton!" answered Patience, blushing hotly. "George never said a word against you!"

"No; he knew better than to do that!" replied Jim; but, for all that, he prevented your caring for him."

"George had nothing to do with my not caring for you," replied Patience, quickly. "Good morning, Mr. Morton! Let me pass now!"

She made a step or two forward, but Jim caught her by the wrist.

"Bide a bit, Patience!" he begged. "Hear me, at any rate! You know I love you, and am ready to make you my wife any day you choose to name. I'm well off, and have good pay, and the farmer may well be satisfied you me for a son-in-law, though I haven't any land of my own. Be good to me, there's a dear lass, and say you'll take me, and put all thoughts of that fellow Yorke out of your pretty head."

And Jim Morton tried to draw Patience toward him and kiss her.

She struggled free vehemently, and wrenched herself free from his grasp.

"How dare you?" she panted—her eyes flashing with fury—"how dare you?"

"No offense!" replied Jim, sulkily. "I've asked you to marry me."

"And I refuse!" she replied, proudly.

"Ah! waiting for George Yorke, perhaps. Don't be foolish, Patience! You'll have to wait for George till your hair's gray, I tell you. Think better of it, and take me. I love you better than he does, take my word for it!" answered the man, half bitterly, half supplicatingly.

"I never said George Yorke loved me, and you—you—"

And here Patience burst into angry tears.

"I never said aught to make you cry, Patience!" he said, grimly. "Come, be sensible; and if it's true George Yorke don't care for you, don't go about as you have lately, with the world sad, white face, wasting your time on that old fool, Gilbert. Come, be friends; I didn't mean to make you angry. I'll wait till to-morrow for an answer, if you like."

Patience dried her eyes, and shook her head.

"To-morrow my answer would be the same as it is to-day. I thank you, but I can't marry you, Jim Morton."

"Who is it you are going to marry, then?" he asked, an angry light in his eyes.

"No one. I shall never marry—certainly never marry you," she answered, with a touch of scorn she could not repress.

"What!" he cried, breaking out into a rage. "I'm not good enough for you, I suppose?"

"Your temper's not good enough, certainly," retorted Patience, getting angry too. "Now, let me go in, Mr. Morton; I've no more time to waste in foolish talk with you. I've said my say, and given you my answer."

"Have you? Well, I haven't said mine yet, quite," he replied. "I suppose I'm not fine enough nor dainty enough for your taste, Miss Patience, after George Yorke!"

"Certainly you are not to be compared to poor George in any way," she replied, curtly.

"Poor George, cried she mean, with an insulting laugh. "A murderer and a miserable, sneaking poacher!"

"It's a lie, Jim Morton! He's neither, and well you know it," she cried, with flashing eyes.

He looked at her fixedly, the veins on his forehead standing out with rage, and his mouth working violently.

"We'll see what the judge and jury say next week, Miss Patience," said he, in a venomous tone. "As sure as you stand there, Mr. George Yorke shall get fifteen years' penal servitude, and I'll be the man whose evidence will get it for him. It would have been better if you'd treated me a little more civilly, both for his sake and yours. You can go now, miss; I won't try to prevent you any more. I've said my say now, and the judge and jury will say theirs next week. What!" (as Patience stood in the middle of the path as if turned to stone) "you won't go? Well, then I will."

And he pushed past her roughly, and went out, slamming the gate behind him.

"Jim—Jim Morton!" faltered poor Patience, but her voice was weak and faint, and Jim did not hear it, but strode away in a fury, and Patience staggered into the house.

(To be Continued.)

A Reminiscence of Barksdale.

A certain Ford C. Barksdale (says *Town Topics*) a dozen years ago cut a wide swath in New York society. He was a young Englishman, who was doing odd jobs on the dailies, and in a lucky moment for him got into the good graces of a recently arrived young Irishman, by name Mackenzie. Mackenzie was the son of an eminent Dublin clergyman of the Protestant faith, who came armed with letters to some of the best church-going metropolitan families. Barksdale made his entire living for days of nights about town on the strength of borrowed letters of introduction and a bold, if not shameless, daring as to be almost admirable. Various and novel swindling devices kept the paper alive, and the day Mr. Barksdale in affluence for some time. With a perfect savoir faire would Barksdale, uninvited, and unknown except by repute, enter any drawing-room he found presentiously lit-up, and introducing himself as the editor of *Our Society*, commence to mingle with the company, to the bewilderment of the hostess, who knew not whom to blame for the one he was ejected. In this respect his methods were unique in the history of aggressive journalism. Becoming bolder with the success of effrontery, he began to take about with him a "lady friend"—a woman of very shady reputation—until society was fairly terrorized as to what this hybrid continuum would do next. Finally the town literally became too hot to hold him. He levanted suddenly to some foreign land, and was never heard from more. *The Sun* had gathered a good history of his checkered life, and Barksdale, hearing that he had been written up, went down to the office and saw good old Doctor Wood. "Well, doctor," said he, "I have you have my history and are going to publish it." "Yes, Barksdale," replied the doctor blandly, "we thought you had gone just about far enough." "Well, now I'm going to clear out to-morrow," said the imperturbable Barksdale, "so just let me sit down and write my own autobiography." "All right; sit down, but I make no promises." "Thanks." And then he went to work with the zest of one who is at a labor of love, and for three hours his pencil flew over the paper. Then he rose, handed the copy to the doctor and took his leave. His autobiography was simply a scorcher so much worse than *The Sun's* own account and so cleverly and interestingly written, that Doctor Wood continued to take in both MSS. and lay them before Mr. Dana, who on hearing the peculiar nature of the case, said he would read them over at once. A half hour later Doctor Wood was summoned before his chief. "Doctor," said he, holding a MS. in each hand, "I have read these over carefully. Suppose we don't publish either. I don't think we have done this man justice."

The Suicide.

took my life in my hand one day,
This maddening, beautiful thing called life;
What is it worth? yes, fling it away,
With its giddy whirl and surge of strife;
Fling it away, it is better far
Where the stars grow black and the fierce winds roar,
Far out where the wrecks and the dead lie cast,
Like foam flung high on a dreary shore.

Fling it away with its loss and pain,
Its burning kisses and bitter tears;
With its hands, whose clasp is like a stain,
Its wealth of unloved and barren years,
And drain, while the cup can give eclipse,
The deep, red wine that can drown you sleep,
The blood of passion from clinging lips,
That thrill, as they sting to silence deep.

What is it worth at the very best?
A day of sunlight, a year of toil,
A darkness that deepens into rest,
A clashing of swords for paltry spoil;
One glance that shines as a blaze of light
From a star in highest heaven set,
And then the gloom of a sunless night,
And a hot, mad thirst you would forget.

What is it worth, when the darkness breaks,
Like a tidal wave in central seas,
On our lives, just as some music wakes
Its single of birds and hum of bees,
And whelms us over, like ships that sink
Where the tempest rises high and cold,
And gives to us the bitter wine to drink,
Bitter, though poured from a cup of gold?

Oh, idle dreams of a wasted day—
The winds are keen where your footsteps stray,
And gray and weary your sunset skies,
And low down the gate of your sunless
Like a faded bloom I cast you by:
Your beauty and fragrance now are flown,
We hate each other, both you and I.

Charles Reade and Beaconsfield.

In Dr. Charles Mackay's recent volume of reminiscences, he says: "The last time I saw Mr. Disraeli, he had become Lord Beaconsfield and Prime Minister of Great Britain. I was one of a deputation of literary men who sought to aid in establishing an international copyright between Great Britain and the United States. Nothing came of the conference except the good wishes of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Charles Reade, a better novelist than Lord Beaconsfield, rose to speak in support of the object of the meeting. "Pray be seated, Mr. Reade," said his lordship. "I would rather stand, my lord," replied Mr. Reade; "I can make a longer speech when I stand than when I sit in sitting." "I am sorry to hear it," replied his lordship, amid the laughter of the company. At the close of the proceedings, the two authors, who had never met before, shook hands.

Ancient, But Still Good.

A few days ago a newly wedded couple arrived in New York city and registered at one of the up-town hotels. They had friends there, and several of them invited the bride and groom to their homes at different times. In one instance, to which they were being entertained by a family on the west side, a bombshell was dropped into camp by a little girl of five years, that knocked out the entire company in one round. The wife of less than a week was talking to the youngster, and during a lull in the conversation the latter, leaning forward and looking up into the face of the bride, asked: "Have you any children?" Tableau.—*Ex.*

A Christmas present which will be appreciated by every one is a Queen's Favorite Toilet Box, to be had at all drug and fancy stores.

THE MARKET BULLETIN.

Barley keeps about the same,
No change in price of wheat,
The price of Furniture is down
At WALKER'S, on QUEEN STREET.

Hogs show a slight improvement,
While hay is rather quiet;
The low price of clothes at WALKER'S
Is causing quite a riot.

Butter is still upon the rise,
Eggs are scarce and small,
And WALKER on his Household Goods
Still makes the prices fall.

The trade in STOVES is on the boom,
CARPETS, BLANKETS, RUGS, the same;
At the Pioneer Payment Store,
WALKER is the name.

And so the market fluctuates—
Prices sometimes up, then down;
But WALKER keeps the same all through—
The cheapest man in town.

No matter how the markets go up, WALKER, the Universal Benefactor, keeps his prices away down, and can sell you anything you require—from a drawing-room Suite to a Door Mat.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, LAMPS, CROCKERY-WARE, COTTONS, NOBBY SUITS, THICK OVERCOATS, JACKETS, MANTLES—all at spot cash prices, and will only ask you for a small payment down, the balance by WEEKLY OR MONTHLY INSTALMENTS, to suit yourselves.

WALKER'S
WEEKLY PAYMENT STORES
107½ and 109 Queen St. West.

OUR STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES
Including Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., for the
Christmas Trade
IS NOW COMPLETE.
We have all the Latest Styles in Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's Boy's and Youth's Goods. Nice selection of Men's Fancy Slippers.
THOMAS KENNEDY & CO.
186 YONGE STREET. 186
Four Doors North of Queen Street.

Knox
THE FURRIER AND HATTER,
Queen Street West, a Few Doors West of Yonge,
Is now showing a full line of
Ladies' and Gents' Fur Goods, Fur Trimmings, &c.
Prices much below down-town houses. Quality just as good.
Special parlor for Ladies.
AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF
GENTS' FUR CAPS
A CALL SOLICITED.
ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS FREE.
Re-opening Monday, Jan. 2, 1888.

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
And Shorthand Institute,
Public Library Building, Toronto.
THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Secretary and Manager.

WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan.
SCARF SALE.
50 CENT SCARFS FOR 25 CENTS.
We show the Largest and Finest Assortment of New Scarfs ever handled by one house in the city.
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS IN ALL LINES
LOW PRICES.
WHEATON & CO.
17 King Street West, corner Jordan.

Fashion Gossip.

Very rich materials, largely used this season for forming certain portions of elegant costumes, are those with woolen ground, serving as foundation for plush or velvet figures, stripes or checks. One fancy is illustrated in fabric with serge or twill ground, with handsome stripes of brocaded velvet; and quite another style has stripes, partly of silk and partly of velvet, in two shades of coloring.

Particularly attractive visiting toilettes are made of a new tissue known as shaded Nassuck, which has plain woolen ground with stripes of beautifully shaded silk in brocaded effects, in such colors as copper over dark-brown, light-blue over navy, mauve over purple, and old-gold over golden-brown. And then there is a real fancy tissue which is very pretty, with its narrow stripes of chined silk in bright colors over a dark brown.

Complete costumes are made of limousine, a fine quality fabric, copied after the material used for making the skirts of French peasant women, which shows multi-colored stripes over a dark or neutral ground. Another new striped woolen is the shaded Thibet cloth, in wide stripes of gradually shaded tints, in brown, gray and a dull blue. The same quality and kind of stuff is to be had in self-color to match a medium shade of the stripes; and the striped and plain Thibet together form useful and handsome costumes.

Cox c.astic cloths in black, solid colors and in combinations are now made in heavy, medium and light grades, suitable for street, church and home wear. Walking costumes of these flexible fabrics show skirts fashioned stylishly, with short shawl or apron front and looped-back drapery, while owing to the elasticity of the cloth the waists or bodices fit as beautifully as if they were made of kid.

Some new satinettas are very pretty. The samples show that they are made in odd and favorite standard body colors, with interwoven lines in bright and light hues, up and down and across, in clusters forming plaids and checks through the decorative portion of the robe, the plain goods in the body color of the fancy fabric being used for combination, and generally the two are put up together in appropriate lengths for a dress pattern.

In weave, satinettas are even, fine and firm, with lustrous surface finish, while the lines vary in width from those in a two-thread twill or twist effect, running perpendicularly through the goods, to the specimens with twill of four threads, in white, yellow and red, crossed by shaded lines which look as if created by rows of fine stitching.

Light blue and pink satinettas are plaided with red, white and yellow, which colors are also prominently placed on goods with ground in rich woods, brown, navy blue, garnet and black. The colors are all fast, and the cloth durable, and will laundry beautifully, hence these novelties will enter largely into the construction of school dresses and spring costumes for girls, misses and ladies.

The newest dresses for mid-winter, intended to be worn under long wraps, show decidedly plainer skirts than those made in the fall. Some of the street costumes have the skirt arranged in thick, double plaits at the back, and are draped only slightly in front. The favorite bodice to go with such skirt is that in the shape of a jacket, tight-fitting and double-breasted.

A most convenient fashion for those who have partly worn dresses, is that of having corsage or waist of different material from the skirting. Cloth, cashmere, serge, plush, velvet, velutina and brocade can be used for such purpose; the bodice generally being in a contrasting color from the lower portion of skirt or dress. For instance, with a dark green skirt, either cardinal, garnet or gold may be used for waist. Red with brown or navy, and pink with pearl-gray, while very Frenchy is the combination of light blue and pink.

Some specimens of those pretty corsages are made like the newest dress-bodices, coming down a little below the waist, peaked or rounded in front, with a neat little basque at the back. They have down the front small ornamental or round passementerie buttons, and are finished round the neck with a narrow turned-up collar.

One of the new evening dresses is of mauve faille Francaise, and cream and mauve brocade. The skirt is composed of cluster plaitings of the silk and brocade, arranged alternately. The short, graceful drapery in front is of brocade, while the back drapery and corsage are of the faille. The sleeves are of brocade, while a plaited chemisette, and the bodice and sleeve-trimmings are all of lace. The bows on shoulders and sleeves are of mauve satin ribbon, and the gloves and silken stockings are in a very delicate shade of the same color.

Very stylish is a new dinner dress, which can be worn upon cold days without the dread one will experience when the dress waist is open at the throat, or filled in with lace. The skirt is in antique blue ottaman or corded silk, and the sleeves are of the same. The high bodice of blue silk in the shade of the corded silk, and over this is worn a low bodice in blue plush.

The pointed waist is finished with a picot-edged ribbon, and the sash is of wide ribbon the same color. Plaited under the bodice, and falling over the skirt, is a flounce of cream lace, and the full, loose over-sleeves, deep collar and neck-band, are of lace en suite.

To make a new style newspaper stand, first buy a bamboo foundation, then form sides and partitions of stout cardboard, covered with wood, brown plush or velutina. Decorate the outside with a medallion of pale blue satin, embroidered with green ferns and scarlet anemones; then frame the edge with tinsel and chenille gimp.

Mr. Pettis and His False Teeth.

Mr. Walter Pettis, a prominent citizen of Sinclairsville, is the victim of an odd incident that has created a great deal of amusement tin this section. In attempting to eat an apple he discovered his false teeth were missing. He at once concluded that he had swallowed them. He told his wife that he could feel them in his stomach and Dr. Stevens was summoned in haste. The doctor made a careful examination and was at a loss to know how a large plate, covering the entire upper jaw, and this filled with teeth, could pass into the stomach and Mr. Pettis not be aware of it at the time. Doctor Stevens said some scothing words to his patient, advised him not to think much about the teeth for the present and withdrew. Mr. Pettis did not believe this treatment heroic enough for such a desperate case as his, and, taking his wife with him, boarded the first train for Buffalo where he could consult an eminent surgeon. Dr. Stevens in the meantime telegraphed to Buffalo to be sure the teeth were inside the man from Sinclairsville before cutting him open. Three Buffalo doctors examined Mr. Pettis, and were unable to locate the hard substance which he assured them was slowly killing him. Mr. Pettis was of the opinion that he should be cut open without delay, as he was sure it would come to this sooner or later. At this juncture a telegram was received from Doctor Stevens, at Sinclairsville, that the plate, with all the teeth intact, had been found between Mr. Pettis's house and the barn. In reply to a crowd of grinning neighbors who met Mr. Pettis at the depot on his return, he said: "I suppose you folks are awfully tickled, but you are not tickled half as much as I am, and don't you forget it."—*Pittsburg Post.*

How He Died.

A gambler among the hills of Derbyshire, England, came upon a grave in a church, which was marked by the figure of an old crusader. The figure holds in his hand some object resembling a heart, and from this has grown up the belief, which is repeated with the confidence of most local traditions. He says: I stood for a moment or two looking at an effigy of John de Darley, dated 1325. A little girl, the sexton's child, stepped up to me and said, "It is John de Darley, sir. He died with his 'art in 'is 'and." "With his wife, my child?" "No, I, all in the dark as to her meaning. "With his 'art in 'is 'and,' repeated the girl. "He was a crusader, and that was 'ow he died."

It Goes in New York.

Mistletoe boughs were imported heavily for Christmas, and polite society permitted its girls and women to be kissed under the shrub, in the quite English fashion. See this couple. They are in a lovers' quarrel, as can plainly be seen. What about? Why, they were at a Christmas dance. Mistletoe had abounded. The girl had been kissed half to death.

"Had a pleasant evening?" said he, when they were momentarily alone.

"Ecstatic," said she.

Was He a Gentleman?

Pride, ill nature and want of sense, says Swift, are the three great sources of ill manners. Without some one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

"Who is that man?" indignantly asked a young woman, one of many employes in a public office in this goodly old city of Detroit.

"Not to know that gentleman is to argue yourself unknown."

"Gentleman, indeed!" was the withering rejoinder of the now thoroughly aroused young woman. "I never met a more ill-mannered boor."

"Dear me! Of what has he been guilty?"

"I was obliged to go into Mr. Jones's room just now," she said; "that person whom you seem to esteem so highly, sat reading a paper with his heels on the table, his hat on his head and a burning cigar in his mouth. He coolly, not to say impudently, stared at me, but neither changed his attitude nor ceased to puff his cigar. If you—if you don't go in there this minute and throw him out of the window, I'll never work where men are again, never. There!"

It was even so. The indignant young woman had not exaggerated the situation. Yet this quintessence of courtesy—this last expression of the vulgar ill-breeding and of wanton disregard of the first law of politeness, is an acknowledged social leader, an active promoter of church works, a practical club man and one of the most potential financial factors in the group which Michigan's metropolis boasts. Presumably he does not carry into his club as he other channels that know him well the vulgarity that marked his conduct toward the indignant young woman (who, it should be noted, earns her own livelihood); nevertheless he is a representative man, who sways a powerful and far-reaching influence in this ultra-fashionable community.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recollection.

As when a player, weary of the day,
Takes up his instrument and plays along,
First aimlessly, until onto some song,
Heard long ago, his fingers find their way—
The old tune bringing memories which lay
Deep buried in the past, once glad and strong—
He feels again those joys around him thrown
And sorrows mingle to think they cannot stay;
So I, a-weary with the passing hours,
In musing fell upon the name of one,
Now dead and gone, who once was dear to me,
And recollection sweet as summer showers
Came back, swift as the first faint gleams that run
At dawn, across a great gray waste of sea.

At the Museum.

Mrs. N.—My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apolinaris.—*Puck.*

1. "Because it's so graceful."
2. "'Cos it's bully."
3. "Because it displays the figure so well."
4. "Because it causes a healthful glow to pervade the entire system."
5. "Because—well, never mind."

Why We Skate.

"What are you pouting for?"
"Can't help it. My lips are swollen."
"Eh!"
"Yes. Kissing has done it, and—"
"You said you had a good time."
"Of course."—*New York Letter.*

On the Dissecting Table.

Here's our "subject," tall and strong,
With vermilion well injected
Where the blood once coursed along,
Ready now to be dissected.
Someone never claimed, it seems,
Friendless midst our modern Babel.
Did he ever in his dreams
See his table!

Here's the hand that once held fast
All things worth to be liking;
Now its active days are past,
Or for friendship or for striking.
Nothing colder here could lie,
Yet on someone's palm there lingers
Sense of a warm touch, while I
Strip the fingers.

How the dead eyes strangely stare
When I lift the lids above them!
Yet some woman lives, I swear,
Who too well had learnt to love them;
Someone sleeps their fatal sleep
Holds their smiles in recollection,
While I put them by to keep
For dissection.

Then the heart. I take it out,
Handling it with no compunction;
Once it sighed, once it could, no doubt,
Well performed each wondrous function.
Sped the life-blood on its race
In miraculous gyration,
Felt responsive to one face,
Pulsation.

Where was life then, was it hid
In each curious convolution,
Packed beneath the cranium lid
With such ordered distribution?
Can we touch one spot and say
Here all thoughts and feelings entered,
Here—'twas but the other day—
Life was centred?

No, that puzzle still remains
One unsolved, supreme attraction;
Here are muscles, nerves and veins,
Where is that which lent them action!
Though the scalpel's edge be keen,
Cunning as a master craftsman,
Telling us where life has been—
Whence it issues.

Yet this thought remains with him,
Dead is no unwarm corpse
Still the eyes, so glazed and dim,
See what lies beyond our dreaming;
Know the secrets of the spheres,
Truth of doom or bliss supernal,
Read the riddle of the years—
Life eternal!

So we'll leave him, ready now
For to-morrow morning's lecture;
Little recks that placid brow
Of our wayward, wild conjecture.
It may be our fate to die
All unwept and missed by no men;
As he lies there we may lie—
Absit omen!

How They do It in Yale.

A young Yale professor entered a ready-made clothing store in New Haven a few days ago, and asked for a suit of medium quality and fair price. After he had been fitted, the salesman, who thought he recognized the customer as a college-student, said: "Shall I send the bill to your father? I'll make it fifty dollars and give you the balance now." The professor was astonished, and did not comprehend the proposition. Finally it dawned upon him that certain students were evidently in the habit of buying clothes, permitting the salesmen to send exorbitant bills to their parents, while the collegians pocketed the extra charge. Thus the clothing house gained clients, while the students made money, and everybody profited by the scheme, save the deluded and defenceless parents.

A Practical Joker's Joke.

A certain practical joker once beguiled the time on a long journey in England, by stuffing his glove with his handkerchief until it reached the proportions of a plump hand. He then arranged it in the front of his coat, so that it should appear as one of his own members, and placed his ticket between its fingers. The train stopped, and the usual cry, "All tickets ready!" was heard. "Tickets, please," said a guard, opening the door of the carriage. "Take mine," said the joker, and as the man did so, he took the hand with it. "Thank you, what a robust person," said the gentleman, in telling his story, "but he staggered back in a faint, and called feebly for smelling-salts."

At the Church.

The church was crowded with a brilliant company.

The strains of the bridal march pealed from the organ. There was a hush while the procession moved slowly up the aisle and met the groom, who had been standing with his best man, before the chancel for nearly a minute in awful agony, because he couldn't put his hands in his pockets, and a moment later the young couple stood before the altar and the young rector.

There had been no rehearsal, but to the congregation the service moved with wonderful smoothness. But to Cupid, who stood nearer to the altar, the service after the first charges went something like this:

"* * * And, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live? (Say I will.)

"I will."

"* * * * keep thee unto him so long as ye both shall live? (You say I will, too.)

"I will, too."

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man? (Just hand your daughter to me, Mr. Daddy."

Jimmy (aged ten)—Now, why do you do that, Tommy? Don't you know it costs you money? You'll have to pay for it.

Tommy (with a complacent sense of manly honor)—Well, d-n it, don't I always pay?

They think they will have to try another plan for the purification of the family vocabulary.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Take her right hand, George—her right hand."

("That's it. Now, repeat after me.")

"* * * * * * and thereto I plight my troth."

"Now, let go of his hand and take it again."

"* * * * * * and thereto I give thee my troth."

("Now, get your ring, George.")

("In your vest-pocket, isn't it?")

("No—give it to me.")

"Now, take it again and put it on her left hand."

("No—her fourth finger.")

("No—let me try again.")

"With this ring I thee wed," etc.

("Let us pray. (Kneel down.")

"* * * * Amen. Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

And there was the usual little flutter and craning of necks as the happy couple floated down the aisle, and the groom afterward privately confessed that he never was so tectotally mixed up in all his life; and the nervous young rector, as he turned his vestments inside out and hung them up in the vestry room, wished for the hundredth time that someone would open a little private class to instruct young people contemplating matrimony in the mysteries of the marriage service.—*C. N. Hood.*

Brilliant.

First gilded youth—There goes that Brown, who is constantly talkin for me. Wonder what's the reason; he doesn't look like me in the least.

Second ditto—No, that's so; but then you may look like him, don't cher know.

Two Great Foreign Armies.

A gentleman publishes the following comparative statement in a Southampton journal, says London *Truth*. It is clearly put, and worthy of recollection:

British Army.	German Army.
Number of troops, 198,000; cost, £18,232,000.	Number of troops, 428,104; cost, £18,850,000.
6 field marshals.	2 field marshals (Count Moltke and the Crown Prince).
41 generals.	59 generals.
157 lieutenant-generals.	76 lieutenant-generals.
183 major-generals.	117 major-generals.
800 colonels.	216 colonels.
450 lieutenant-colonels.	210 lieutenant-colonels.
1,150 majors.	906 majors.
400 broken-winded, tinpot, wooden-legged or otherwise useless half-pay generals.	

Masculine Morality.

In a certain large family a tax has been established on bad words, and not unnecessarily, as this recent conversation therein demonstrates:

Tommy (aged five, exclaiming while trying to tie his woolly dog's head on)—O Lordy!

Some Opinions.

In reproducing these extracts from Canadian papers SATURDAY NIGHT doffs its hat to those whose kindly mention has made the youngster feel as bright and breezy as a May day, and in saying "thank you, gentlemen," the publishers hope the good opinions expressed below will always be merited.

It is a well-printed, bright-looking, twelve-page paper. Its contents are of a light, breezy character.—*Globe.*

It strikes out a new line for itself, and appears to take. It is finely illustrated, printed on good paper and devotes conservable space to society, and the drama. It gives two running stories, one by Mr. Sheppard, and the miscellaneous work by that gentleman's pen is, of course, in his usual crisp, quaint and pointed style.—*R. Cayzeon Independent.*

Each number has but verified the good opinion formed of the new publication by the public from the appearance of the first issue. It is a handsomely-printed, twelve-page journal, with clear type and a fine quality of paper. Every article is readable, whether on fiction, art, the stage, religion, fashion or the farm. As a first-class family paper, clean and well conducted, it has no parallel in Canada, if on the continent, and the favor with which the first three issues have been received insures it a place and a welcome in every Canadian home.—*St. Thomas Times.*

It is fruitful of interesting reading matter and illustrations. It cannot but be a success under Mr. Sheppard's management.—*Huron News-Record.*

E. E. Sheppard's new paper, SATURDAY NIGHT, made its appearance on Saturday last and, to use a showman's phrase, made a brilliant hit. It must have affected the sale of the evening papers as the newsboys seemed to be selling nothing else. It was in everybody's hands, and in the street cars people were reading it as they did to the *World* in the morning. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely illustrated, and contains a number of spicy, bright and interesting articles.—*Toronto World.*

Gives promise of qualities that should ensure success, which we heartily hope it may achieve.—*London Advertiser.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is more than realizing expectations. It is the most readable and entertaining publication that one can pick up. Mr. E. E. Sheppard has the ability to make a *nacy*, gossiping sheet go, and with such gentlemen as Mr. W. C. Nichol on his staff the work is sure to be a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Guelph Herald.*

Mr. E. E. Sheppard's new literary paper has deservedly set the entire Canadian press talking of its excellence. It was expected that he would make it good, but the phenomenal superiority to the large expectations formed is a matter for congratulation. Associated with Mr. Sheppard in THE NIGHT, formerly of the Hamilton Spectator, and the Sheppard Publishing Company has thus good reason to be proud of its staff. SATURDAY NIGHT is a credit likewise to the artists and printers.—*Dundas Standard.*

Though Edmund E. Sheppard has dropped out of sight as publisher of the Toronto *News*, he has not disappeared from the domain of newspaper readers. His new publication, the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, has no competitor in Canada, and Mr. Sheppard knows, we think, will find he has his nail's head this time. The contents are varied and interesting, whilst its illustrations, on the whole, are good, and its typographical appearance is clean and pleasing to the eye.—*Berlin News.*

There is room in Toronto for a good weekly gossipy newspaper. Attempts have been made at different times to establish one, but, like Burdette's paper, they died young, lamented only by the sheriff. The latest publication to enter the field is SATURDAY NIGHT, which has been issued by the company of which Mr. Sheppard is manager. It is well made up, and the reading matter possesses a good, healthy tone which has always been lacking in previous publications of a similar character. If it maintains this tone and does not descend to sensations, scandals, and so on, its success is assured. Mr. W. C. Nichol has the editorial management. Though a young man, he has had considerable journalistic experience, and possesses the qualifications necessary to fill the position.—*Canadian Grocer.*

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, late proprietor of the Toronto *News*, has commenced the publication of a weekly journal called SATURDAY NIGHT, which is attractive in appearance, ably edited, and contains so much popular features that it cannot fail to prove a decided hit in the weekly journalistic line. If energy, industry and ability can make the SATURDAY NIGHT popular, then our new contemporary is destined to secure a large constituency in the provincial capital. The *Citizen* hopes Mr. Sheppard's latest venture may prove profitable.—*Ottawa Daily Citizen.*

E. E. Sheppard's new paper, SATURDAY NIGHT, appeared on Saturday, and made a big hit. It is a handsome weekly, and if it can be kept as clean as the first number, and up to its mark generally, it will score a success. There is much sympathy for Mr. Sheppard in this city, where he is very popular, and there is a field for such a paper as SATURDAY NIGHT.—*Toronto Correspondence Huron Signal.*

A decidedly new departure in Canadian journalism has been taken by the publishers of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. The paper is charmingly got up, and, with trifling exceptions, such as are incident to a first number, a highly creditable specimen of a family paper. If our advice is worth hearing, we would suggest a discontinuance of the list of guests at private houses; unless a complete list of the invited is given, selections are apt to give offence to both hostess and guests. We hope the enterprise will pay well.—*Dominion Churchman.*

It is a twelve-page paper, typographically excellent, is profusely illustrated and full of bright reading matter. It is first-class in every respect, and deserves, and will doubtless receive, large patronage.—*St. Thomas Journal.*

Every article is readable, whether on fiction, art, the stage, religion, fashion or the farm. As a first-class family paper, clean and well conducted, it has a mission, and will well fill it. Success to SATURDAY NIGHT.—*Belleville Ontario.*

Its mechanical appearance is highly creditable, and it is edited with marked ability. Its dramatic and musical departments are in the hands of well-informed writers. The upper provinces ought to be able to support such a paper as SATURDAY NIGHT, for it enters a field where there is no competitor.—*St. John Telegraph.*

E. E. Sheppard, formerly editor of the Toronto *News*, has issued at Toronto a bright weekly called SATURDAY NIGHT. The paper is full of interesting matter, a leading feature being a story by the editor. W. C. Nichol, formerly of the Toronto *News*, and before that a clever reporter on the Hamilton *Spectator*, is doing good work on SATURDAY NIGHT. The paper deserves success, and we hope, will attain it.—*Kingston News.*

The salutatory further informs us that SATURDAY NIGHT, whilst devoting itself largely to literature, will be essentially a paper of to-day, dealing with current topics, which also is well carried out in its first issue, the contents of which are varied and interesting, while its illustrations are, on the whole, good and its typographical appearance clean and pleasing to the eye. There ought to be room for such a journal, and we wish it success.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

We were of those who expected that Mr. E. E. Sheppard's new paper, SATURDAY NIGHT, would be remarkable for all that goes to make a literary paper excellent, and we have been in any way disappointed it is because its excellence transcends anything we even anticipated. It seems to us that we should describe SATURDAY NIGHT, for that would be to describe what almost everyone has seen, as the sale of the first issue has exceeded anticipations. If future numbers are kept at the same high standard, SATURDAY NIGHT will be the best illustrated literary paper in America, and, when we consider that owing to circumstances Mr. Sheppard was unable to give personal attention and work to the first number which he will give to future issues, there is good ground to believe that future numbers will be even an improvement on the first. We congratulate Mr. Sheppard on his splendid paper, and the city and province on this addition to its literature.—*Toronto Labor Reformer.*

It is a good-sized, clean-looking paper, and its aim in part is to chronicle the doings of society, with a good portion of its space devoted to literature and other current topics, which will be written in a breezy and attractive manner. It does not pretend to be a newspaper, but to fill a field open for a good illustrated paper with stories, gossip, crisp criticism, etc. In Mr. Sheppard's hands the paper will have lots of vim, and will no doubt soon win its way to success.—*Belleville Ontario.*

It contains twelve pages of interesting matter, is beautifully illustrated and is well and carefully edited. A feature is a new story by the editor, E. E. Sheppard, late of the *News*. The story is entitled Widower Jones, and promises to be exceedingly interesting than Mr. Sheppard's previous story, Dolly. The paper is the most ambitious of the kind ever attempted in Canada, and if merit can compel success it will succeed. W. C. Nichol, formerly of this city, is Mr. Sheppard's right-hand man in the conduct of the paper, and his work is exceedingly clever.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

It is a most creditable sheet, both in contents and appearance, and is sure to meet with a large circulation.—*Port Hope Times.*

It combines the features of a weekly newspaper and of a literary and society journal. Its appearance is excellent, and its contents as bright and readable, as might be expected under the editorial management of Mr. Sheppard.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review.*

If the same standard of excellence is kept up in subsequent numbers that is displayed in the first it will assuredly be a successful venture. It is a splendid specimen of typograpaical art, and is well filled with miscellaneous reading matter.—*Clinton News Era.*

SATURDAY NIGHT has had a merited and gratifying reception, both by the Toronto and provincial public. It has begun well, and every department is brimful of newsy and interesting matter.—*Dundas Free Banner.*

The paper certainly is a credit to the publishers. It is well illustrated, and the original matter is written in a crisp and trenchant style.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

Typographically the new-comer makes an excellent showing; and its twelve pages are made up of Mr. Sheppard's original story, and a clever compilation of other readable matter. The paper promises to be very successful. We hope it may.—*Aylmer Recorder.*

E. E. Sheppard's new literary venture, THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, made its appearance here on the 3rd instant. It is a very neat twelve-page weekly, and devoted as the notice on its editorial page says, to its readers. This new illustrated literary aspirant for popular favor has few superiors on the continent.—*Toronto Correspondence of the Washington Craftsman.*

Too Late.

What silence we keep, year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear,
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things and seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close, familiar friends who loved us;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we express
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did to those undone,
And small the service spent to treasures won,
And undeserved the praise for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space.
What recollected service ever can then
Give consolation for the night have been.

He Couldn't Go.

A venerable New Yorker recently advertised, asking any one who wished to go to Europe until pleasant auspices to apply to him, and giving his address. This advertisement was seen late one night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile and then told the club porter to call a cab, into which porter and cabby hoisted him. He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the sidewalk, and with much dignity ordered the cabby to practice on the knocker of the old-fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and howled: "What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Come t' ansher 'vertishment."

"Well, sir, what have you to say?"

"That's orri. "I've come to shay: Very shorry, but I can't go with you. Goo'ni."—*Calcutta Times.*

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Messrs. Fred. Gillespie, Fred. Campbell, Thompson, Dwight, Burns, Kennedy, Lightburn and Arthur Brown.

*

The evening of Monday, since it was treated as New Year's day, was, as always, the occasion of numerous dinner-parties, which prevented many society people from seeing Faust. On Wednesday numbers of people who would have appeared at the court of the Queen of Sheba, were dancing, some of them in costumes as brilliant as the queen herself, at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra's fancy-dress ball. But on Tuesday no special fixture kept fashion away, and that such was the case a single glance at the interior of the pretty little opera house would have shown. In a loge, rather near for his comfort, I thought, to the blare of many trombones and cornets, sat Mr. Samuel Nordheimer with some of his daughters. Opposite him, close to those beautiful instruments the French horns, a similar loge contained his nephew, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, and very well was Mrs. Albert Nordheimer escorted, since besides her husband, Captain Geddes and Mr. Cronyn adorned the box. What appeared to be one large theater party occupied all the loges on the prompt side of the auditorium—Mr. and Mrs. Ferguusson, Mr. Tilley, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. W. Macpherson, Mr. David Macpherson, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Messrs. Colin and Mayne Campbell, Miss May Jones, Miss Heward, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. H. Merritt, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. Fox, Mr. Hume Blake. In the orchestra chairs, very much orchestra this night, I noticed Col. and Mrs. Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge and the Misses Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Dr. Strange, the Misses Strachan, the Misses Jones and Mr. Moffatt. Of the first gallery I could see but one row. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss McInnes and Miss Boulton, supported by Mr. Vernon and Mr. Reginald Thomas, were in the centre of that front row.

*

Pre-eminent amongst New Year dinner-parties, was that at Chestnut Park. As is annually the case Sir David and Lady Macpherson christened the youthful year with a royal christening: 1888 was born with happy auspices to some thirty of their favored guests. Their dinner-party included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Edsall and Miss Edsall, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Small and Mr. J. Small, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Col. and Mrs. Sweeny, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Molson, Miss Siemonett, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, while besides the host and hostess, Mr. W. Macpherson and Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes and Mr. David Macpherson did the honors of the house.

*

It is a mistake to suppose that the people who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Chamberlain at dinner at Chestnut Park were invited there for that purpose. Had Sir David Macpherson been able to arrange a dinner-party for his renowned guest he could probably have thought it necessary to invite a much more senior, and though more representative, not so outwardly brilliant a gathering. I think it was a happy accident which had appointed, two weeks before the date of his coming was known, a young and giddy party for the night of Mr. Chamberlain's arrival. Of politicians and their wives, he must have had enough and to spare, and he was to meet our representative men on the following night.

*

When this gossip is in the press the flower of our beau monde will be dancing at Chestnut Park. Much has the ball there been looked forward to, and great will be its success. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is coming up from Kingston for the occasion, so that there will be one more charming hostess to welcome the guests at the Park.

*

A correspondent writes:

At the Philharmonic Society concert last week, a number of Toronto's prettiest girls graced the platform. Several of us grew somewhat tired of the heavy music, and amused ourselves by voting for the prettiest and most charmingly dressed young lady. The result of the votes awarded the palm to Miss K. Ryan, Miss Irving, Miss Ella Patterson, and a lady in blue whose name we could not ascertain.

Floated Down Stream.

Apropos of the story I was telling last week about Elder Abraham Smith, a friend of mine reminds me of a story told of a Baptist preacher in our native place. There was a great feud there between the Baptists and Methodists over the proper method of baptism. It had been a very cold winter and there being no baptistery in the Baptist church, all the converts in a revival meeting held that winter waited till spring and were immersed in the creek on the next farm above uncle Billy White's. Now uncle Billy was a very godless sort of man himself, but in matters of doctrine he hung strictly to the Methodists and was strongly prejudiced against immersion. Soon after the baptisms took place, uncle Billy was at the corner grocery in the village, and got discussing the reprehensible conduct of the Baptists in preaching that sins were washed away in baptism. "But," continued the old man, warming up and becoming somewhat profane, "I'm danged if I don't believe there is suthin' to it. That last lot they dipped fin the crick, up above me, must have been a pretty hard crowd, for the sins that was washed away frum them come down stream and lodged on the flats on my place and pizened all my geese." The fact that uncle Billy's geese had all died recently, lent a certain color of truth to the old scamp's story, and when the Methodists used to meet the Baptists going to church on Sunday and desired to provoke them beyond expression they would simply hiss and make a noise like uncle Billy's geese were supposed to have made in their death agony. For years the old feud lived, much to the detriment of true religion, and to this day I reckon there are people around there who still believe, for argument's sake, that uncle Billy's geese were "pizened" as he said. DON.

La Creche.

The pretty picture on this page of SATURDAY NIGHT tells its own story. Among the peasantry of France and other European countries, it is customary for the women when going out for the day's work to hand their children over to the more or less tender mercies of some village dame, who keeps a sort of baby farm on a small scale, and who bunches her charges in the wicker creche, as shown in the engraving. It is this rather laudable custom which has led to the establishment of institutions, run on somewhat similar lines, in Canada and elsewhere, and there is already one very successful one in Toronto. But here the babies are housed and cared for in comfortable apartments, and are not piled up in a commodious basket.

Musical Notes.

The Hamilton deputation in attendance at the opera embraced among others, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous and Mr. Thomas Littlehales.

Mrs. C. G. Moore, of London, Ont., a daughter of the late J. L. Hatton, the immortal composer of Good-bye, Sweetheart, and Simon the Cellarer, was down for the Lohengrin performance, and visited Mrs. D. B. Dick.

Mr. Henry Jacobi, who is now teaching at Wells' Ladies' College, Aurora, N. Y., has been over for a few days meeting his old friends among the musical fraternity. He has been staying at Mr. Philip Jacobi's, Avenue Road.

Gilmore's Band is coming here in May for two or three nights, and will give concerts in one of the rinks. Genial old Pat will have a local chorus, and will do the "Forge in the Forest" with anvils and a battery of cannon, brought on for the purpose.

Mr. Hobart Weed, of Buffalo, was here with a party, on Wednesday evening, and attended the opera. The Buffalo people are arranging with the National Opera Company for an opera festival on April 23, 24, 25, 26, and many Torontonians have already signified their intention of going.

An attractive programme has been prepared, and some beautiful four part songs, glees and choruses will be given at the Toronto Vocal Society concert. Mrs. J. F. Thompson and Miss Robinson are to sing, and Mlle. Adele Aus der Ohe, the charming pianiste, will make her first appearance in Toronto. She has met with great success wherever she has played.

Speaking of the singing of Miss Lawrence at the recent concert of the Montreal Philarmonic Society, the Montreal *Herald* says: She fairly outdid the expectation of her many friends, and sang her part splendidly; her solo, When Onward I am Gazing, was sung as well as it could possibly have been, dramatically and with power. She was received with ovations of applause, both from the audience and chorus.

Out of Town.

LINDSAY.

I noticed the cheerful face and stalwart form of Mr. Edward L. Fortt on our streets during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Fortt was formerly teller in the Ontario Bank here, but is now stationed at Bowmanville. He is looking remarkably well.

Miss McLean, niece of D. J. McIntyre, who has been in Toronto for the past two months, has returned, and will probably remain for the winter at least.

The Misses Keenan, who have been attending Loretto Abbey, Toronto, came home for the holidays.

A pleasant party was that which gathered at the residence of Mrs. McDonnell Coulter last week at the residence of her father, Wm. McDonnell. The affair was a fancy dress ball, and was got up exclusively for the younger portion of the community, friends of Master Lester Coulter, son of the hostess. Fully fifty were present in costume, and dancing was kept up till an early hour. The costumes of Master Fred Heap, as Sir William Wallace, and Miss L. Keenan, as a Grecian lady, were greatly admired, while Messrs. George and E. Martin, as twin brother Jonathans, were very comical. The party was a most enjoyable one.

Miss Katie Deane was home for a few days during Christmas week.

Mr. George K. Deane is now home from Kingston for the winter.

Mr. Walter McBurney, of Toronto, was in town under the parental roof on New Year's day.

Mr. J. Knowlson, of New York, is another of the long-absent who returned to fatherly arms at the gladsome New Year's time. Mrs. Knowlson accompanies him.

Dr. and Mrs. Gladman, of East Syracuse, N. Y., have been spending a portion of their honeymoon here, under the beaming smiles of Mr. Gladman, sr.

Mrs. Dr. Kempt gave an informal party to a few of her many young friends last Thursday evening.

WOODSTOCK.

The Woodstock Amateur Opera Club made its first public appearance on Thursday evening in Planquette's pleasing opera, The Bells of Corneville. The performance in many respects was creditable. The costumes were tastefully got up and the additional scenery, painted for the occasion by a local artist, is deserving of a word of praise. The performance did not begin until 8.45, but the audience submitted to the tedious wait with a great deal of patience. Mr. Thomas, the president of the club, spoke briefly just before the rising of the curtain, but he should have omitted to put forward the absurd claim for the club, that this is its sixth season. It is the Woodstock Amateur Opera Co. that has been in continuous existence for the last six years, and is now preparing to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's popular opera The Mikado. What particular object is to be served by the new club claiming to be identical with the old organization, is quite a mystery to everybody.

As to the performance, Serpolette, the good-for-nothing, was played by Miss Cosy Swan, who without doubt was the bright particular star in the cast. This young lady has never taken a part so well suited to her talents, and she carried it through with an amount of verve and abandon which left nothing to be desired. Germain, the lost marchioness, was Miss Kate Landy, who made her debut in the part. She possesses a voice of good quality, and sang faithfully, but was somewhat stiff and timid in her stage business and actions. Mr. Jim Fax, of Toronto, represented the Marquis of Corneville, Henri. Singing is scarcely Mr. Fax's strong point, and he seemed to be under the impression that he was playing Guy Fox. Mr. George McLeod sang and acted Jean Grenichens with considerable confidence and spirit, but Grenichens is a mean-spirited knave and coward, scarcely the clown Mr. McLeod made him. Gaspard demands considerable histrionic ability, and Mr. Hazleton is to be congratulated upon his successful rendition of the part. The Bailli was fairly well represented by Mr. John O'Neil and Lord Mr. Bale rather astonished his friends by his successful efforts as the Notary. The singing and movements of the chorus were well executed and Mr. Hazleton deserves much credit for the amount of patience, hard work and skill he must have exercised in order to bring the club up to such a state of proficiency. Notwithstanding the long delay before the curtain went up and the long waits between the acts, the performance went off with a degree of snap and swing very often wanting in amateur attempts of this nature. Miss Broachie accompanied throughout in a satisfactory manner and Mr. Jones conducted carefully, showing a correct conception of the music. Altogether the Woodstock Amateur Opera Club may be well pleased with the successful nature of the first performance and with the hearty appreciation evinced on the part of the audience.

ORILLIA.

The ladies and gentlemen of this town have formed a social club, called The Whip-poor-will Club, for the purpose of enlivening the winter months. The officers are:

H. T. Scadding	President
Mrs. Bolster	1st Vice do
Mrs. Murton	2nd do do
Mrs. Harvey	3rd do do
Mr. A. W. Ambrose	Secretary
Miss A. Corbett	Treasurer
Miss Corbett, Miss Mulcahy, Mr. C. Fitton	Committee

The members meet every Thursday evening, and so far the meetings have been well attended and successful. Last Thursday evening the club met at the residence of Mrs. T. Mulcahy where a most enjoyable evening was spent. The early part of the evening was devoted to progressive euchre, and afterwards dancing was indulged in. Among those present were noticed Mrs. Bolster, Mr. Launcelot Bolster and Miss Bolster, Mr. and Mrs. Murton, Miss Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harvey, Misses Grant and Marston, Miss Corbett and Miss A. Corbett, Mr. C. Walker, Mr. R. Scadding, Mr. Warren, Miss Warren, Miss Foote and Miss Tucker, Messrs. Charles and Cecil Fitton and Mr. Frank Evans, jr.

On Saturday last Mrs. Murton entertained a few friends at her residence.

On Wednesday last Mrs. A. B. Perry gave a party at her residence on Neywash street. A good proportion of the invitations were accepted, although the evening was very stormy.

Mrs. Wm. Harvey entertained a numerous company with a leap year party on Monday of this week.

Amongst our holiday visitors were noticed: Miss Lafferty, Miss Grant, Miss Beaton, Miss Webling of Brantford; Mr. Russel of Queen's University, Kingston; Mr. H. Leask, Mr. C. Elliott, Mr. V. Mulcahy, Mr. Lancelot Bolster, and Mr. E. Walker.

LONDON.

One of the largest and most enjoyable parties of the season was the recent one given by Mrs. McDonough at her very handsome residence on Dufferin avenue. Excellent music was provided by the Italian band, and the dances seemed to be enjoyed to the fullest extent. This was the fifth of the Cinderella Club parties.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. John Labatt entertained a large party at Endlang. Mrs. Labatt is a charming hostess, and her At Homes are always pleasant affairs.

There was quite a rush among the ladies to get seats at Queen's avenue Methodist church last week to witness the marriage of Dr. Wm. Henry Beaufort Aikins, youngest son of his Honor Lieutenant-Governor Aikins of Manitoba, with Miss Augusta Hawkesworth-Wood, daughter of Mrs. Richard Eccles of this city. Revs. D. G. Sutherland and J. G. Scott officiated. Dr. Duffered supported the groom, and Miss Lena Davis, daughter of Judge Davis, was bridesmaid. The wedding breakfast was given at Ellwood Place, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Eccles. Mr. and Mrs. Aikins, the newly-wedded couple, have gone to Government House, Winnipeg, to spend the honey moon. JIM THE PENMAN.

WHITBY.

No ball or assembly has occurred to mar the tranquil lapse of time in polite society here for several years. There is promise of the spell being broken, however, towards the end of the month by the Caledonian Society, which purposes holding an assembly. Gentle folk in the neighboring town of Oshawa are in a flutter of excitement about Mrs. Fred Cowan's forthcoming festivity of this kind.

Mr. Peter Perry and Mrs. Perry, of Brockville, Mr. J. T. Fotheringham, of Upper Canada College, Mr. Earnest Fidler and many others have passed the holiday season with relatives and friends in Whitby. SALMIGUNDY.

CHATHAM.

The bachelor's ball was a great success, and of course, as is always the case, the bulk of the work fell on a few shoulders, and though, perhaps, it is not fair to mention names, I can scarcely refrain from speaking of Mr. J. McWhinney, who acted as secretary, and whose efforts so materially helped its success. The hall was very tastefully decorated, and one would almost have taken it for a military ball, as flags and flagging seemed to catch one's eye everywhere. Dancing commenced about 9.30 p.m., lasting till 5 a.m. I noticed quite a few strangers, and discovered we had guests from London, Detroit, Windsor and other towns. Every ball has its belle, but as it is rarely one's opinion is agreed to by more than a few, it would not do to mention the bright particular belle of this. The music was our own, and fairly good, though I heard one or two remarks on the time, which might have been better.

Mr. Fluucane, of the Bank of Montreal, spent his Christmas holidays in Chatham.

I regret to say that we have lost Mr. Walker, the accountant of the Bank of Commerce here. He has been with us for five years, and has in that time made many friends. The exchange has been to Brantford.

Numerous dinner parties took place on Monday evening, but they were nearly all purely family affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevenson arrived from Winnipeg last week, and Miss Stevenson has returned from the same place, where she has been visiting for some time. NEMO.

COBOURG.

This gay and lively town was still more enlivened on Monday evening by a hop given at the Arlington by the young bachelors of the town. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock to music furnished by an Italian band from Toronto, and was kept up till about half past two. The ballroom was prettily and tastefully decorated with flags and flowers. Guests from Toronto, Peterboro', Port Hope and Belleville swelled the numbers to over a hundred, and from the way the floor was crowded during every dance it was evident that they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Refreshments were supplied at midnight. BANERR.

AURORA.

Mr. Marshall Forsyth has been fortunate in capturing the affections of Georgina C., the eldest daughter of Samuel Tedmarsh, of Argyle avenue, Montreal, Inspector of Customs, and the fortunate and happy couple were formally united on Thursday week at the residence of the bride's father, Montreal, and after the usual toasts and speeches and amid showers of rice and good wishes, they took the evening train for a tour in the west. Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth will make their home in Aurora.

WESTON.

A quiet wedding took place on the evening of Wednesday week at the residence of Mr. D. T. Maguire, Main street, when Venie R. Maguire was married to Alex. Allan, chief train despatcher, C. P. R., Medicine Hat, N.W.T. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Pirritte, of Brighton, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. R. Large, of Weston. The bride looked pretty and neat. She was attired in her traveling suit, a tailor-made costume of mottled green cloth. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Fannie Maguire, dressed in gobelin gray; Miss Jessie Allan, the sister of the groom, in seal brown cloth trimmed with astrachan, and Miss Maggie Forsyth, in peacock blue satin. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. James Allan, of York; Mr. Will Maguire and Mr. Fred. Maguire, Weston. After the ceremony about 50 guests did justice to the elaborate wedding breakfast. Among the guests were noticed Rev. Dr. Perritte, Brighton; Rev. R. Large and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Allan and family, of Toronto; Mr. and the Misses Forsyth, Toronto; Mr. T. Williams, assistant superintendent C. P. R., Toronto; Mr. James Williams, Shelburne; Mr. John Allan, Roger's Pass, Rocky Mountains, N.W.T.; Miss Irvine, Sarnia; Mr. James Allan, York; Miss Squirrel, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lee, Toronto; Mr. A. Somerville, Linton; Mr. Alex. Hay, Miss M. Coulter, Mr. and Miss May, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Conron, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shields, Mr. W. Shields, Kincardine. The presents were numerous and costly.

LA CRECHE.

Claxton at the Grand.

Arrangements have been completed by O. B. Sheppard with America's distinguished artists, Miss Kate Claxton and Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson, for an elaborate production of the great English success, The World Against Her, from the pen of Frank Harvey, commencing Thursday next; two nights and matinee. On Saturday night they will present, by special request the famous Two Orphans.

A Turn of the Wheel.

Flora would have liked to say something more—to have softened in some way the edge of what had gone before. But, after all, what could one say? Maskelyne did not seem to expect, or wish for, anything further. He walked on by her side speechless, sullen, staring in front of him. Once or twice, when the roughness of the descent rendered such service necessary, he offered his hand, and always without looking at her. Flora concluded determinedly at last that the silence should not be broken by her. He was taking his refusal as a man might be expected to take these things. Of course, it hurt his pride dreadfully. And not more than one of them out of a thousand would feared enough for a girl to be truly her friend after she had done his vanity this, to him, unpardonable injury.

The camp was in sight now, in the valley below them. Flora hoped petulantly that, since her rejected suitor would assume so uncomfortable and disagreeable an attitude, he would at least keep as much as possible out of her way until she should start for the east, in a few days.

This Maskelyne scrupulously did.

And yet Flora was scarcely satisfied. There was a vague discomfort in her senses.

Once she brought herself sharply to task. Well, after all, what did she want? Would she have liked to accept Maskelyne, to marry him? She was very young—she knew she was beautiful—and now, with all this money that had come to them, ambitions, slumbering before, had sprung into life vivid and insistent. And why not? Was it not natural, Flora Wade asked herself defiantly, that a girl who felt such capacities within her as she was conscious of should want to exercise them in a brilliant field, and wield such social prestige as they gave? For a little while, a few years at least, she wanted to live—to live!—and to enjoy her life! If she married now, this engineer, in the Western wilds, what would her life be? Of course, if one loved a man very much. . . . But she did not love Maskelyne, she assured herself, fiercely. Not, at least, enough for that. Oh yes, he would think her frivolous, flippant, vain, a shallow, worldly coquette.

He would say that she had trifled with him—had led him on.

Flora stopped in her inward soliloquy. Her heart beat just a little more quickly. A tall, fair-haired fellow had crossed slowly in front of the open door. He was not conscious of being seen. He was walking with his cap pulled over his eyebrows and a moody look in his down-bent eyes.

"He might at least have the decency to wish me a bon voyage," thought Flora, with angry bitterness.

She was going east the very next day. Her trunks were packed. A letter from the distant relative, a fashionable woman of society, who was to chaperon her during the next few years, and who already had Flora's younger sister with her, lay before her. Visions and dreams of success, of happiness such as the brilliant world gives, opened beyond. Flora sat staring out at the western sunlight till it had quite faded and the shadows filled the valley. When she finally rose from her chair, as one shaking off sleep, there was a suspicious moisture in her dark eyes.

After all, if Howard Maskelyne had bided his time, if he had not been precipitated, perhaps Flora Wade would not have gone east the next morning. Who knows?

Howard Maskelyne remained west for three years. His resolution to succeed—to "get ahead"—had, as some of his companions who knew him better than the rest perceived without perceiving the cause, been reinforced by a sort of dogged defiance. He gave himself up to his work with that undivided and tireless allegiance which a man manifests towards the stern aspects or life when he has suffered a sentimental disenchantment—if, that is, he does not take the opposite course and slight that aspect altogether. He did not take a vacation when he could have done so. He seemed to dread even a day's idleness. He grew older, and the lines deepened in his face. Some of the other fellows surmised, at times, that there was a woman in the case. But their habitual cast of thought did not induce them to dwell upon suppositions of this nature very abidingly.

It is probable that Maskelyne would have gone on in this fashion ten years longer, slowly but surely rising in his profession, and making money which he did not seem to care for or know what to do with, if his father had not suddenly died. Maskelyne, on this event, came east. Old Mr. Maskelyne had been a frugal person, highly respected as an excellent citizen. He had not been held to have laid by much of this world's goods. But it proved, contrary to expectation, in the course of investigation, that he had left a large fortune behind. Howard Maskelyne was east. He determined to stay.

He took up the old existence now—by his long absence become a new one—listlessly. He thought the zest would come back, but somehow it did not. He looked back at times upon that episode in his life which had made all this difference—this break which did not promise ever to be wholly bridged over—with almost a fury of resentment. It galled him to the quick to acknowledge that the treachery of a mere hollow woman of the world should have laid his life barren in this way. He had gotten to feel that he had lost all reverence for her sex through her. She had lowered his whole standard. There were occasions when he told himself that if he despised her less he would have her for the wrong she had done him.

A friend of his who knew the figure of the Maskelyne estate with approximate accuracy and who had a marriageable sister took him to his mother's house one day and introduced him. Mrs. Lethbridge's house was homelike in an eminent degree, and Maskelyne liked Lethbridge, even though he was conscious of no special admiration for his sister. He returned there several times, as much as anything from want of other interest. Once he walked up town with Lethbridge, and entering on his invitation, he passed in the hall a slight young girl in black. The light was rather dim; it was at the close of the afternoon; the gas was not yet lighted, and he only saw her face when she was close upon the two men. Then, however, he saw it distinctly and she raised her startled eyes to his.

Lethbridge had sprung forward and opened the door for her. She went rapidly out with a slight inclination of the head. Lethbridge had a heightened color on his face.

When they had gone back into the library Maskelyne, standing with his back to the light, said: "That lady who passed out looks astonishingly like a Miss Flora Wade."

"It is Miss Wade." Lethbridge took up a book and laid it down again. "She is a nursery governess to two of my younger sisters."

"The Miss Wade who was out west a few years ago," said Maskelyne, after a pause, "was an heiress."

"Flora Wade was an heiress until a year ago—she. I suppose you have heard the story?"

"Out of the frontier one hears nothing," said Maskelyne, dryly.

"No! Well, it was nothing new. Wade made his money by a lucky stroke, you know, or a series of lucky strokes, and he lost it by one unlucky one. Then he blew his brains out, more than anything else, I suspect, because there were well-founded suspicions that all his transactions had not been perfectly legitimate. The two girls were with an aunt. Miss Wade had been taken abroad, and had refused, it was understood, a ducal coronet. For two seasons she led everything before her here. When the change came she left the aunt, whose health had suddenly (in consequence of these changes) become too delicate for the support and care of two young girls. Miss Wade had had a brilliant education, but, passed under review with reference to such elements in it as could be turned to practical account, is appeared that there was very little Miss Wade could do to support herself and her young sister. She could be a nursery governess, however, and that is what she is now."

There was a silence between the two men.

Allan Lethbridge took, hesitatingly, a step forward.

"I don't mind telling you," he said, leaning his arm against the corner of the mantel, "that I have an immense admiration for Flora Wade. If she will marry me she shall be my wife."

The door opened, admitting Mrs. Lethbridge and her eldest daughter.

"Oh, Mr. Maskelyne, I hope you will stay to dinner with us!" cried the lady hospitably.

"Thanks. I am sorry. I have an engagement."

Maskelyne went out, and the engagement proved a roaming of the streets until far into the night.

Against the compunction pleading in all his nerves for Flora, awaking and throbbing with the opening of a wound he had thought cicatrized and quiescent, he had arrayed fierce arguments out of the elements of scorn and resentment he had been harboring and accumulating through these four years past in his soul. What if misfortune had fallen upon her! Would that change her? Would that make a true woman in a day of one who hitherto had lived only for the flimsy vanities of the world and her own self love! Why, he kept urging upon himself, brutally, she had seemed blooming enough when he caught that one glimpse of her in Mrs. Lethbridge's hall. She was not changed so very much in appearance by misfortune as might be expected. It was proper, of course, that she should look a little demure and depressed. She was a good actress and she would be likely to play her part well. Was not her reward within her grasp already? Allan Lethbridge's admiration and intentions were probably perfectly clear to her. That was the way out of her difficulty—by the easy path of matrimony.

Thus the hurt he had himself received goaded him to brutal injustice, crying down with a high voice the appeal of every other sentiment. He went home at last and threw himself on his bed, bruised and sore in all his members from the conflict in his soul.

He did not return to the Lethbridges', and he kept out of Allan's way.

One day, about a week later, in passing a picture gallery, he wandered in. There was one other person only in the gallery—a lady in black, with her back to the door. Maskelyne stood still, with a sudden pang. In a moment the lady turned her head slightly, and Maskelyne saw that his heart had not deceived him.

Flora was unconscious that she was no longer alone. In the silence and secluded remoteness of this curtained room the burden she carried day after day dropped away from her in an interval of perfect calm. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap. All the worn lines of her delicate profile were revealed to Maskelyne's eyes now. Not changed! Good God! He stood there devouring her face with his glance, and a lump ached in his throat. Not changed! She suddenly put up a small hand in a shabby black glove and brushed a tear hastily from her cheek. At the same moment, as though afraid of her weakness, she started to her feet. Maskelyne, simultaneously, had taken several steps forward.

They stood and looked at each other for one instant, as people who have parted estranged on this earth may meet again and look at each other in some other world where misunderstandings and mysteries are made clear.

Then Flora, with another glance of her worn eyes, murmured "Good-bye."

She was going toward the door. He followed her.

"May I not walk home with you?"

He had small consciousness of what he was saying.

It was a humble place. She made no apology for it. She did not ask him to sit down. She stood as though she expected every moment he would go.

In drawing off her gloves one of them fell to the ground. Maskelyne stooped and seized it. He raised it and with a blind impulse carried the poor bit of shabby kid passionate y to his lips.

Flora looked at him with startled eyes. She put out her hand for her glove.

"Flora," he whispered, "will you forgive me?" He had her hand in both his own now, tightly locked in a trembling clasp.

"Forgive you?" she slowly repeated. "Oh." She raised herarm with a beautiful motion. "It is you who ought to forgive."

"No, no."

After an instant she drew herself softly away from him. The youth had come back to her face. She stood with her repellant hand against his breast.

"Would you," she said searchingly, and in the glance and attitude there was once more the Flora Wade of long ago, "would you believe me if I told you that I cared for you even—even then in camp, years ago?"

Maskelyne was silent. He drew a deep breath. "Yes."

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